

Stories and Articles That Speak to the Youth in You

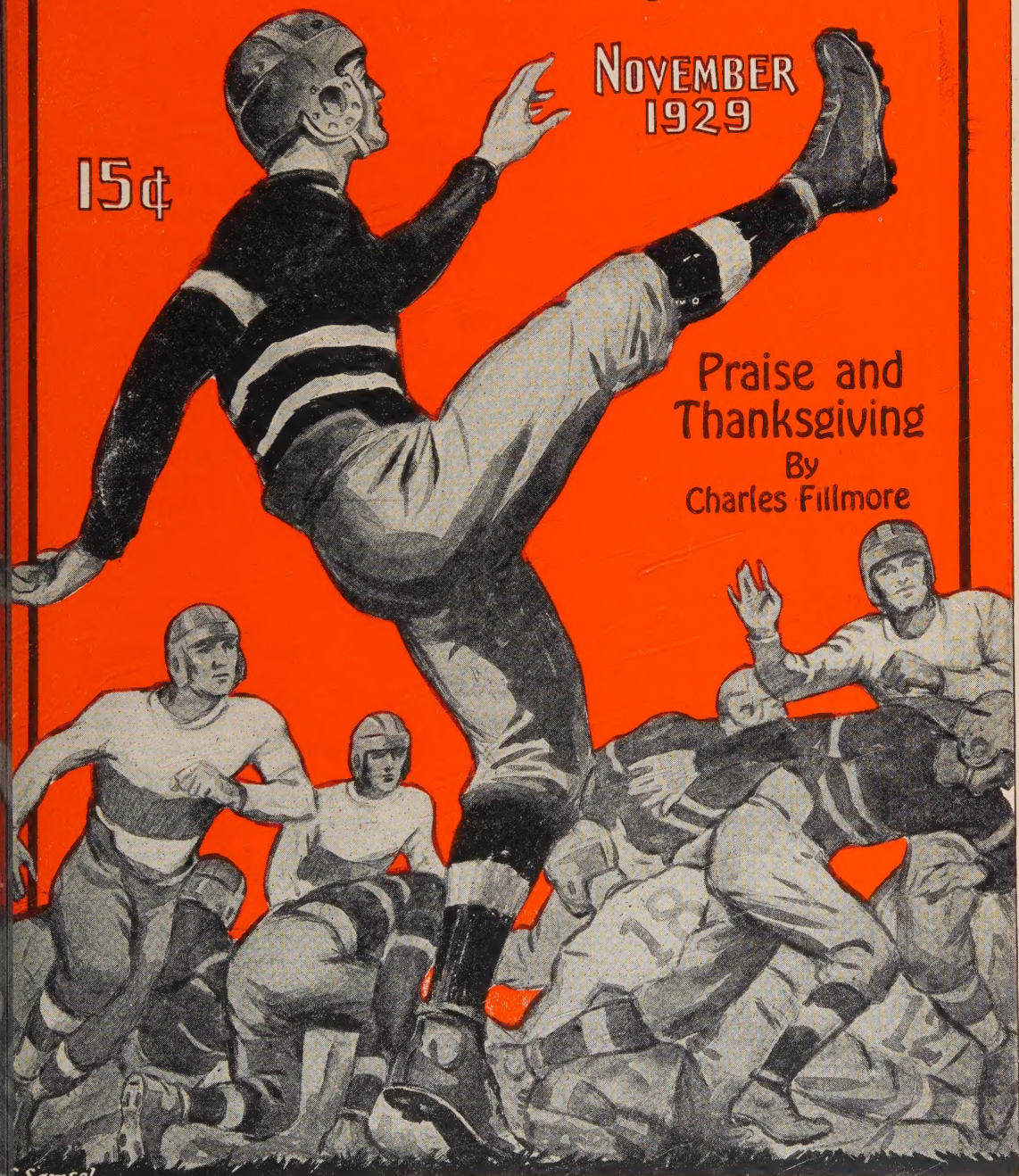
# Youth

*For Everybody*

NOVEMBER  
1929

15¢

Praise and  
Thanksgiving  
By  
Charles Fillmore



A Unity Publication---On Sale at Leading News Stands



## Eyes that disregard the rain see the rainbow

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

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Cover drawn for *Youth* by Robb Beebe

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# Let's Talk It Over



*By Ourselves*

## *Youth Views the News*

### *A Youth and a Wise Man*

ONCE, long ago, wise men in a temple were glad to learn of a twelve-year-old youth. Recently a modern wise man gladly testified to a similar sentiment when he heard a youthful musical genius play the violin.

The modern wise man was Albert Einstein, the famous exponent of the theory of relativity. The youth to whom he so gladly paid tribute was Yehudi Menuhin.

At the young violinist's Berlin début, Professor Einstein was caught in the throng that rushed toward the platform at the conclusion of the concert, according to a press clipping that has been sent to us. For ten minutes or more, Einstein was forced to stand with his hands over his head, where he had put them to applaud. So dense was the crowd that he could not lower them.

Later he went behind the scenes to congratulate the youth. With tears in his eyes, for he was deeply moved, the great scientist said, "My boy, it is many years since I received a lesson such as you have taught me tonight."

### *The Feminine Right Reversed*

OF COURSE every Truth student knows that youth or age is not a matter of years, but a legal recognition of this truth has not come to *Youth's* attention until now.

Bernice Landsberg wanted to teach school, says the Kansas City Star, but was told that she was too young. "All right, I'll get older right away," she decided. She entered a county court room in the State of Kansas, a miss of seventeen. She came out a few min-

utes later, a woman of twenty-one, made four years older than her years by action of the court. The testimony of the young woman's mother, and of some of her friends, to the effect that she was mentally developed beyond her years, was heard by the court, and a woman's right to be whatever age she desires was given the weight of legal authority.

### *What Boys Think*

DURING Boys' Week recently the thirteen-year-old son of a minister, preaching in his father's pulpit, made the following observations which youthful *Youth* readers may wish to call to the attention of their parents:

"The boy does not follow your instruction but your example. He becomes not what you tell him to be, he becomes what you are.

"When you learn to understand boys you will get along with them. We are not perfect, but how could we be with the kind of examples we see all around us? One day my mother told me not to ask my daddy so many questions because it made him nervous. I told her it was not the questions which made him nervous, but that it was the answers he could not give.

"A boy does not want to be like old folks. What he wants is just what he ought to have—a chance to be himself, to let himself out. Parents are the best people on earth. They work and suffer for us; they go without that we may have; their world centers in us. Any dumb kid can see that. But sometimes we wonder why they don't understand us better."





THE wine red curtain swept down in a gale of laughter and applause, as a flag might dip in answer to a deafening salute. After insistent hand clapping it was raised again, and then more slowly it descended. The junior dramatics were over. Now, according to the announcement, they would be followed by an hour of dancing.

For months Betty Baker had been looking forward to this evening. Betty had come to Foster, a high school with twenty-two hundred pupils, from a little down state township high school, where she had known everybody and had taken for granted a

sunny atmosphere of friendliness. Foster was very different! Many a homesick pang she felt for her old town, her old school, her old friends.

The students at Foster were called "Mister" and "Miss" and unless you sat near them in classes and had scraped acquaintance by asking some question about the assignment, your very classmates did not recognize you in the corridors. Betty knew a scant half dozen girls and, except for Alma, who lived near and walked to school with her, even these friendships were limited to the school grounds.

When the first junior class meeting had





*She had resolved to  
make a dozen intro-  
ductions.*

# Betty Baker's Dozen

*Becomes  
a Baker's  
Dozen*

By  
Erma Stromquist

been called, Betty, awed by the number of her classmates, their grown-up ways, and their strange aloofness, had felt bewildered and out of place. She had cast her votes for officers to whom she had never spoken, whose names she hardly knew.

For her, at the class meeting, there had been one heartening decision: that on November fourth they would give the annual class entertainment, the junior dramatics.

Betty loved parties, but especially she had wanted to meet her classmates in a social way. Friendships, it seemed, were not to be formed easily in the classrooms; but she had felt that surely at a party the

ice would be broken. Everybody was cordial and pleasant at a party. At socials in Bellevue even Deacon Henderson, at all other times grim and severe, thawed so much as to be hardly recognizable.

Arms linked, Betty and Alma had strolled after lunch, invariably paying a visit to the huge bulletin board. The activities of her class, the juniors, had seemed woven like a thread of gold among the drab notices of faculty meetings, make-up examinations, and lost articles.

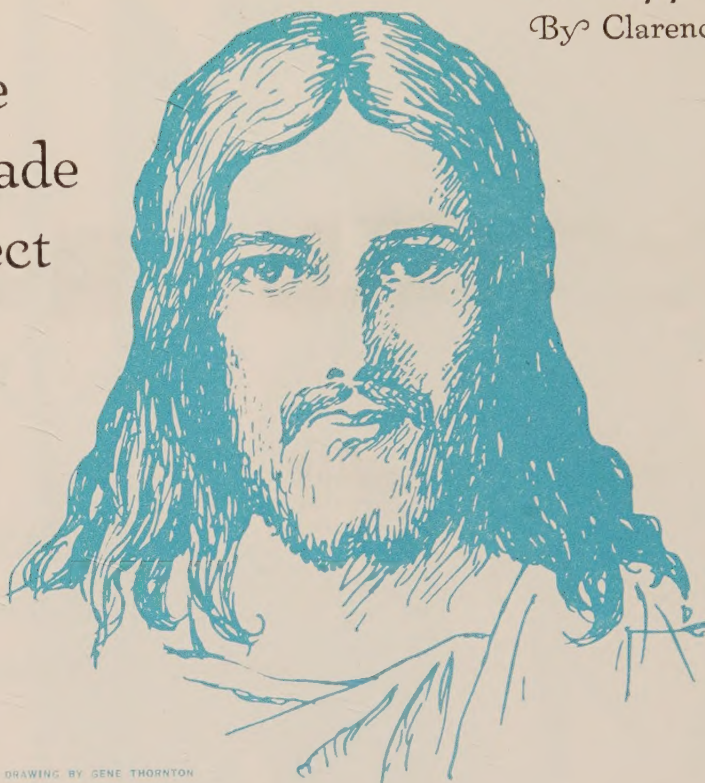
First a notice of a meeting of the dramatics committee, and then the news that  
(Turn to page 27)



## An Appreciation

By Clarence E. Flynn

# The Comrade Perfect



DRAWING BY GENE THORNTON

**I**N THE "Passage to India" Walt Whitman speaks of the longing of the soul for the "Comrade Perfect," and asks if somewhere such a comrade does not wait for us. We all know perfectly well that life is not all that it ought to be without the presence of the Personality which completes us.

There is such a comrade, and He does something better than wait for us. He comes to us. The abstraction of the idea of God found concrete realization in Him who was called Immanuel, or God with us. All this was made more intimate still by the coming of the spirit divine, which brought God not only to us but into us.

God does not rule the world from some distant throne, but from the dusty road. He does not occupy a height and frown upon His people in patronizing condescension. He seeks a warm place in their hearts, where He may guide their thoughts and actions. The divine plan looks only to the constant narrowing of the chasm between man and God.

The philosophers and theologians dispute

whether God is transcendent or immanent, whether He rules from above us or beside us. As is true of many arguments, both viewpoints are right. God transcends us in all power, all knowledge, and all goodness. At the same time He is immanent in the ministry of Jesus, in the guidance of Providence, and in the presence of the Holy Spirit. The life of Jesus makes that plain, for Jesus is a picture of God going where men go, living where men live, and meeting the struggles that men meet.

And so He is the Comrade Perfect. No one needs to be friendless in this world. No one needs to be lonely. We are always within speaking distance of an unfailing Friend. We need to search neither across the years nor across the miles. We need only to look and listen, and He is there. We need only to open the way, and He enters our hearts in response to our silent welcome. We need only to make a place, and He walks beside us, whatever our way may be. He is the great completing element in our otherwise incomplete lives.

## The Fellow Inside

By Don E. Giffen

WHEN the whole world seems to have "got  
you wrong"

And your motives are judged askew,  
And you haven't the heart to keep plugging along  
In the way that you ought to do,  
Just ignore the sneer and the bitter phrase  
That would turn your thoughts to gall.  
If the fellow inside you approves your way,  
You've no cause to worry at all.

It's the fellow inside that counts; and though  
The rest of the world may sneer,  
You can always figure it's safe to go  
Ahead when he says, "All's clear."  
He knows if you're honestly doing your best  
Or whether you're trying to "stall."  
If he says "O.K." just forget the rest,  
For they never need count at all.





*Other people might forget  
if they wished—and could.  
He could not forget.*

# It Must Never Happen Again!

*There Is an Art in Letting Go Past Things*

By Gladys Hasty Carroll

THE room was a corner front, large, with two wide windows, one facing West row and the other Lafayette street. Really a very good room, of the sort that rents for from ten to fifteen dollars a week in a small city like Banbury. In the chill light of a November morning, however, it had a bleak and characterless look—the three-quarter bed, the bare table, the two morris chairs, the large-

figured calendar hanging crooked, and the traveling bag open against the highboy—as if its present occupant had not been there long; which was quite true. Only the day before yesterday a German woman had taken over the proprietorship of a little hotel on Second avenue. Then Ed Wallace, bitter and aloof, had called a boy and a cab to remove his belongings from the fifth floor suite that he had occupied for more



than nine years, to this rooming house on West row. He sat now on the edge of the three-quarter bed, in his pajamas, his eyes narrowed on the crooked calendar.

November eleventh. He could remember the weeks preceding another November eleventh. Just a kid he had been, in the ranks through a lie about his age. He could remember the trenches—the mud and the blood and the vermin—the utter beastliness. He could remember the noise in his ears and the lights in his eyes, and how they went on eternally. Sometimes he had stopped. At the edge of a steep bank, lying flat, for a minute out of range of his sergeant's eye, he had let his gun rest quiet; but the Germans had never stopped. That had "got" him—the way they kept on with their noise and their red glare. The first November eleventh had found him in a hospital, just feeling his way out of a fog of senselessness. "It's over, boy," the nurses had told him gleefully. "The war's over." He had dragged himself up from his pillow. "Who won?" They had pushed him down again and offered him broth from a spoon. "We did, but don't be a fool. That isn't what matters so much. The thing is—the war is over." He had pushed away the spoon, and had turned his back on the joy and relief of the nurses and of the men in the cots near his. "It matters a lot to me," he had said. "I hate the Germans." So he had hated them. So he did hate them. Other people might forget if they wished—and could. He could not forget.

He would dress and go down town and watch the parade; and after the parade, where would he go? To lunch somewhere, or come back here. It was a gloomy enough place. Even the old hotel had been a little better—until the German woman had come in. Well, he could go to lunch, and then he could walk along the river. After that it would be dinner time; but perhaps he would want no dinner. Well, he would

dress, and go down town now, at least.

A half hour later it began to rain. Ed shrugged, stepping out into it. Two blocks down he turned up his overcoat collar and tipped his hat over his eyes. His lean face glimmered wetly between. He was very tall, and it seemed as if he did not quite see where his feet were going. They slid into puddles and shuffled through sodden masses of dead leaves. The muddy water splashed as high as his hands, and scraps of vegetation clung to his trousers. By the time he reached the restaurant he was quite disreputable.

"This table by the window, sir? Can I get you a paper? That number five's good this morning." "Coffee," Ed said, absently, "rolls, and the *Journal*."

"The *Journal*, sir? Sorry. *Journal's* an evening paper, sir. Get you a *Herald*?"

"No; coffee," Ed told him, "and rolls."

"Yes, sir."

He was not long in finishing his breakfast. He regarded the other patrons of the restaurant, his mouth twisted faintly and his eyes incredulous.

At last he pushed back his chair. He left one quarter by his cup and another at the desk, though his check had read only twenty cents. There was disdain in him, and bewilderment. It curled out between the blue slits of his eyes as he went through the door.

Straight ahead lay a little colony of barber shops. Their poles twisted brightly through the rain like crisp, hard sticks of striped candy. Ed passed three, paused before the fourth, and turned into the door beside the sixth.

"Shave, sir?"

Ed stared at the fat little man with the black moustache and the white coat. He felt cold and tired and a little confused. He put up his hand to his chin. It was wet but very smooth.

"I—just shaved," he said.

"Cut?"

(Turn to page 32)

### Peace

**N**O TRUTH student will deny that there must be ways by which world peace will manifest. There must be pacts, and leagues, and laws, but we know that their efficacy rests upon the spirit back of them. Peace must be in human hearts before it has any great value on paper. Every one, then, who remains steadfastly at peace with himself, his associates, and his community, is helping the cause of world peace.



# The Man Who Discovered That God Is Love

*By Ernest C. Wilson*

“MY TALKS are always directed at myself,” a public speaker recently confessed to a friend. “When I discuss some human problem, when I call attention to obvious weaknesses and point to hidden strength, I am really my own most attentive listener. I am usually talking to myself and of my own problems. If what I say rings true it is because I am dealing with a real problem and with a solution to it, or at least an attempted solution.”

Hosea, husband of Gomer, makes no such avowed confession in his book; but, reading between the lines of the Book of Hosea it is easy to see that his denunciations of Israel were strongly colored by his love for Gomer and by his condemnation of her.

Hosea was evidently a very serious man. He thought about serious things. He was introspective, and religious almost to the point of fanaticism; and he loved his wife as he did everything else—seriously.

His wife's temperament was just the opposite of his.

No one would ever call Gomer serious, or introspective, or religious. She was frivolous and changeable. She loved the things of the world, and even though she loved Hosea, she must have found him as hard to understand as he found her.

So Hosea looked upon the world about him with troubled eyes. His people were

a moody and a solemn race. They had had many troubles to help make them so. When trials beset them from the world about, they took refuge in spiritual contemplation and exhortation. Hosea followed this custom of his race. With a heart troubled not alone by the sins of Israel, but also by the sins of Gomer, he adjured Israel to turn from sinning and from ungodliness. He gave his three children names which reflected his opinion of Israel: Jezreel, which means “God scatters” (for, thought Hosea, God will scatter the children of Israel); Loruhamah, which means “No mercy” (for they deserve no mercy); and Loammi, which means “Not my people” (for they have turned from God).

THEN Hosea's lot became more bitter. Gomer left him for friends that were as foolish as she was, and she left them for others that were still more foolish. News of her wantonness came back to Hosea, and he seemed to think to himself: “Israel, you are like my wife. You are foolish and vain; a worshipper of false gods, a seeker after sinful, worldly pleasures that are offensive in the sight of God and man. You deserve to be destroyed without mercy. You have turned from God. You deserve to have Him turn from you.” Perhaps there was a lump in Hosea's throat as he said all this, and thought of Gomer's unfaithfulness, and

## Healing and Prosperity Thoughts

*November 20 to December 19*

*My thoughts of Truth are forming the mind of Christ in me, and I am healed.*

*My thoughts of abundant Spirit substance are organized in my mind, and prosperity is made manifest in my affairs.*



the injustice that had been done him; and he preached with all the more violence the destruction of Israel and the wrath of God.

Then came even more distressing news of Gomer. She was destitute, friendless, forsaken. She wanted to return to him.

What should he say? What should he do? It was in trying to answer these questions that Hosea learned something about God that he had not known before. He could not find it in his heart to turn Gomer away, even though she had done him a great wrong, and he thought that if he, a stern and simple man, could thus return good for evil, surely God must be even more loving and forgiving than he.

The voice of God, that previously had always denounced the sins and vices of Israel and had threatened dire punishments, rang with a new note of gentleness in his ears.

**"I** WILL heal their backsliding," Hosea quotes. "I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the grain, and blossom as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon. Ephraim *shall say*, What have I to do any more with idols? I have answered, and will regard him: I am like a green fir-tree; from me is thy fruit found."

From this, if Gomer had gained in wisdom, and in understanding of her serious husband, she might have known that she was forgiven.

**SO** HOSEA changed the name of Loammi, which means "Not my people," to Ammi, which means "My people"; and Loruhamah, which means "No mercy," to Ruhamah, which means "Mercy." He welcomed Gomer back to his home. And he wrote a book which bears his name, and tells between the lines much about Hosea's displeasure with Gomer and his love of her.



*Hosea looked upon the world about him with troubled eyes.*





*Without a murmur he led Knox over to the curb where the latter's car was standing.*

# The Vacuum Cure

*Clears the Air for Knox*

By Austin F. Lewis

KNOX Hammersley was inclined to look on the gloomy side of life, and the other students of Granger high school had to suffer for it. His clouds were always lined with lead, and he could see thunderheads in what looked to his chum Barton Dix like the most luminous of sunrises.

"Didn't I tell you so?" Knox grumbled as the two friends came out of Professor Allen's geometry class on an October day seemingly bright enough to chase away the bluest of mental fogs.

"If it's something dismal, I'll warrant you did." Barton was finding friendship with Knox no holiday affair.

"Prof Allen has it in for the football team," Knox went on without heeding his chum's answer. "Another surprise quiz today. He's planning to flunk a bunch of us before the Farmington game. Just you watch!"

"I don't think so," protested Barton. "He comes out regularly to the games."

Knox shook his head dolefully. "What old Allen does won't make much difference



anyway. We haven't a show against those husky Farmington boys. They're just too good."

The four o'clock jam of students hurrying from the building caught them, and they were well on their way to the gymnasium to dress before Knox could resume his doleful remarks. Jim Bovnton, Granger quarter back, had joined them, and Knox with his audience doubled was inspired to spread on the indigo two layers thick.

"Yes! Going up against that Farmington crowd, we've got about the same chance that a toad has with a steam roller. It's all over but the funeral. Ever seen that Farmington quarter working, Jim? He's a wizard at picking plays, and, O boy! how he can run and dodge! Too bad you're so slow on your feet, Jim."

Jim, a slender, rather sensitive lad, flushed but said nothing. Barton was falling under the spell of his friend's blues and seemed to see the sunlight through smoked glasses.

Knox continued, "What's the use of going out there and working our heads off practicing, just to get ready for the slaughter? Let's beat it, fellows, and take a little ramble in my tin Lizzie."

As Barton looked doubtful, Knox went on in somber persuasion, "Of course you take your life in your hands every time you climb into a car, but you might as well die that way as any other."

Jim had visibly lost enthusiasm for practice, but it was an especially grave thing for a quarter back to be absent, and he hesitated. Burroughs, the coach, coming suddenly around the corner of the building, settled the matter for all three of them.

"Hustle into your suits, you fellows," he ordered. "It's work, work, work, till we clean up on that Farmington bunch."

Meekly they walked on into the dressing room. "Burroughs seems to think we have a show," ventured Jim as they pulled on their padded jerseys.

"Yes, he would," Knox grumbled. "He gets paid for that kind of talk; but we don't have to kid ourselves."

The gloom that had slightly lifted from the minds of the other two at the coach's words, now settled more densely than ever. They slouched out to the field with all the enthusiasm of straw filled effigies going to a bonfire.

Their state of mind showed plainly enough in their practice. Knox, feeling

more natural than the others, played little differently from usual, but, for all the dash he displayed, Barton might have been stuffed with rags. Poor Jim was even worse. Once his clumsiness had been impressed upon him, his feet insisted upon getting in each other's way.

The coach was exasperated. "What's got into you fellows?" he demanded. "You act as if you're doped. Snap out of it."

The words startled Barton. Logy as he was, he could see that Jim was hypnotized by the suggestion of failure. Things began to appear in a better light. Really, if conviction of defeat could have such an effect, what miracle might not be produced by enthusiasm and confidence in victory? He finished his part of the scrimmaging with more spirit, but Jim seemed unable to break the blue spell.

A good night's sleep cleared from Barton's mind the remaining cobwebs of depression, and he felt equal to the task he had considered rather uncomfortably the evening before—that of talking plainly to Knox. He came upon his friend on a campus walk bordered by maples in their autumn glory of crimson and gold.

"Fine large morning," he smiled as he fell into step.

Knox shrugged. With the sun beaming so genially and numbers of migrating blue-birds flitting cheerfully among the trees, it seemed that he was afraid to open his lips, lest he should say something pleasant.

"IT WAS a nice little job of crêpe hanging you did last evening," Barton's tone was halfway between jest and earnest. "Next time you do it—don't."

Knox frowned. "What do you want me to do? Toddle around babbling about the pretty, pretty sunshine?"

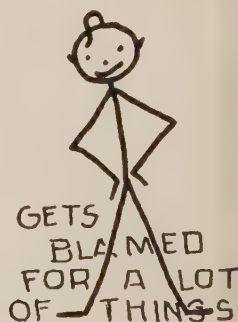
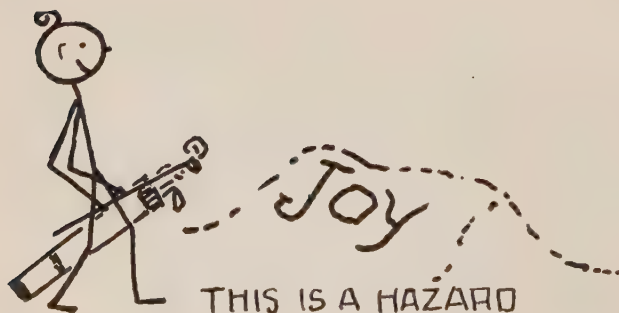
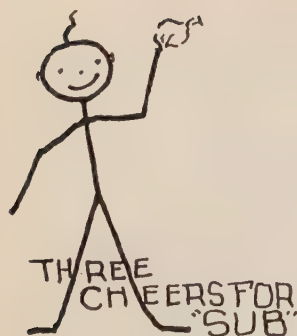
"It might not do any harm for a change. At least people would know you'd heard of such a thing."

"You fellows make me tired," Knox snorted. "Not enough sand in your craws to stand up to facts and look them in the eyes. I'd rather hear common sense than a bunch of Pollyanna-ish stuff any old day."

"Common sense!" jeered Barton, becoming infected by his friend's irritability. "You seem to think that nothing is common sense unless it sneaks along with its tail between its legs. How do you suppose this old world ever could have held together so

(Turn to page 30)





# "Sub"

## *He Always Gets the Blame*

By Dorothy Blount

SKETCHES BY INEZ RUSSELL

**M**R. SUBCONSCIOUS Mind gets blamed for a number of things—and yet, he is so mysterious, so elusive, that we do not really know much about him. We try to pin him down with definitions and wordy explanations, seeking to learn just what he is.

We find that he is a willing servant and we use him as a storehouse for all our experience. He takes our every thought and puts it to work. If the results are undesirable, we often just put the blame on "Sub."

"Sub" takes care of us marvelously, at that. He sees that we breathe and live, he keeps our hearts beating day and night, and makes them beat a little faster when we are excited or frightened. He takes care of all the reflex, or involuntary actions, too.

When you put your hand on a red-hot poker, it is Sub that makes you take it away; when you want to pound your fist on the desk to emphasize the truth of your argument, Sub serves you well. When you have to get up to make a speech, and your knees knock together and you shake and tremble and wonder why you can't hold your hands steady—there's Sub again, telling you how scared you are. Sub takes care of digestion and assimilation too—and if you eat green apples or hot dogs, he takes care of them also. The little salivary glands in your mouth—did you know that Sub keeps them at work? You know how sometimes you try to see how long you can keep from winking your eyes? It isn't very long, is it? Sub is on the job again.

Authorities tell us that the body is made over, entirely renewed, in less than a year. Yet most people change comparatively little in looks, during a lifetime. You see, Mr. Subconscious Mind has been receiving the same kind of thoughts, and building in the same pattern year after year.

Health, life, joy, happiness, and everlasting good are in the power of the Word—and Sub is receptive to any kind of thoughts. You are subject to sickness, sorrow, and death only so long as these beliefs have a place in the mind of Sub. As



soon as you give this faithful servant a new idea to work on—the idea of perfect health, eternal life and joy—just that soon will Mr. Subconscious Mind get to work and build into your body the thoughts of Truth that you have given him.

Because Sub is the storehouse of thought, your success, too, depends upon the character of your thoughts. There are schools of mind training which endeavor to put Sub in order, to take out fear thoughts and put in success thoughts, and so bring out the giant in you.

These outer methods are good, but they do not recognize the superconscious or Christ mind. Until we make ourselves consciously one with the Christ mind, Mr. Subconscious Mind is going to do pretty much as he pleases.

The Christ way is to let go of the unreal and to lay firm hold on the Real. In Truth we call this method “denial and affirmation.”

Let me help you to train Sub properly. Set your standard. Take for your pattern Jesus Christ, the perfect man. Do you know that in doing this, you are working toward the most joyous, happy, healthful, prosperous, successful life possible? Jesus Christ came with the promise of more abundant life—a life that is really alive, a life that is worth living, a life that brings satisfaction, a life filled with love, a life that *lasts*.

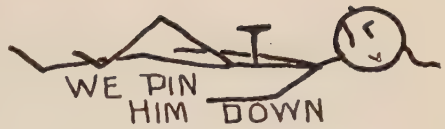
Sub is like a small child: If properly trained and praised and encouraged, he will accomplish wonders in obedience, but if disregarded and neglected, if filled with negative suggestions, woe be to the results!

It may be a matter of weeks, or months, or years—this business of training Sub. But what of that? God has given us joy and strength and courage enough to last *forever*. What a joy an everlasting game should be! The game of life—the game of living—crammed full of hazards of joy and tees of real accomplishment, with a driving force that is known as *love*.

Take one habit at a time, a habit you wish to transform. Then say definitely, “I let go of this condition, or habit, or fear. *I let go!* God is the one ruling power in my world, and I now lay hold of His——” (life, faith, courage, joy, rich substance, or freedom, or whatever attribute you wish to cultivate.)

Ask in faith, ask with assurance—*demand!* Then let your everyday life *act out* your faith. Link Mr. Subconscious Mind with the Christ power within you, and nothing can keep your good away from you.

Three cheers for Sub, our faithful servant and co-worker in overcoming! Success to you!





# Sandsy's Rebellion

*Sandsy Finds What All the World Is Seeking*

By Gardner Hunting

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ANDERSON PHOTOS

I GUESS I know a little something now of how a man walks when he's going to prison. He doesn't believe it. I didn't believe I was going to that assembly room, and I felt as if it were worse than dying; and yet I was going along up the stairs, with all the stairway, and the glass in the doors above, and the high ceiling, that I knew every day so well, seeming as if they weren't solid or there at all. I couldn't believe them any more than I could believe what I was doing.

I don't know anything about how I got through the hall and how I ever had the nerve to go into that big door that opened right in beside the stage of the assembly room. I didn't have any nerve. My legs just walked; and there I stood right in front of the audience, with their faces all blurring and running together, and then coming clear. I saw that the place was full, way up to the gallery, like graduation night, only the thing I hadn't guessed was that there were about four hundred of the gang, fellows and girls, students, all packed in at the back, behind the Parent-Teachers. And everybody was looking at me from the first.

THE room went as still as it had seemed from outside. Somebody on the platform had been talking, but stopped; and there I stood.

But all at once somebody jumped up right in the middle of the room. It was June Car-

mody, a girl in my class, who is a friend of mine; and she was almost crying as she said, "I told you he'd come!" like that, as if she knew.

Well, that started the gang. They began to yell. And they never yelled so in assembly room before. Of course, you know, it was the strike, and I hadn't thought of what would happen when I walked in there. And all at once the fellows started.

"Look who's here! Whoozis! Sandsy!" the way they do at football. And then they began, "Yea, Sandsy!" and all that.

I knew I didn't want the strike any more than I wanted a fire right there in High that night. But the gang were up on their feet, yelling, and I got dizzy. I thought I'd drop, and I reached out to take hold of something, and it fell over. I never did know what it was, but it made a crash.

Somebody on the platform began to shout. "Order! Order!"

And the gang yelled, "Strike! Strike!"

I knew it was such a rotten mistake that I couldn't stand it. I was scared stiff—but all at once I remembered what Will Rock had said. "No matter what anybody thinks about you!" I thought, "No, not even if he is yelling for you!" And I waved for them to stop. I've been cheer leader enough, so I sort of felt that I could manage them. And they were used to it, so they suddenly stopped. Then all at once they began to laugh, and they were surely laughing at me. Then I looked down and

## To New Readers

A SYNOPSIS of the previous installments of "Sandsy's Rebellion"—brief as we should have to make it—would not do the story justice, so if you have not read the earlier chapters, we recommend that you send for back issues of the magazine and read the story complete. "Sandsy's Rebellion" began in the February issue of *Youth*.



found that I had that old shoe of mine still in my hand.

Of course, when they saw that I hadn't known till then that I had it, they just howled and clapped their hands in a roar and began to stamp. And even some of the O. G.'s began to laugh. I guess I was funny, all right. I tried to lay the shoe down on something to get rid of it, but there wasn't anything to lay it on. And they yelled again, because it must have been about like vaudeville; but the next thing I knew, Principal Pryor was coming down to me from the platform, and I turned to look at him. The room went still again as quick as a breath; and he said:

"We've had enough comedy, young man. You have a sufficiently serious task to explain to this association your share in this strike."

I DIDN'T know what to say. I hadn't had any share in the strike. And suddenly it just seemed to me, why not say that? It was true. The gang would think I was a quitter, but I had to stop thinking what anybody would think. So I said: "I haven't any share." Like that.

Then it did get still, and everybody seemed to be waiting. I turned and looked at the gang, and wanted to explain that I wasn't just throwing them down, but that what they were doing was all wet. So I tried. I was so bewildered I didn't know just what I said. I don't remember saying a thing, not even hearing my voice; but they told me afterwards that I said:

"If I can help it, there won't be any strike. It's all been my fault from the first. What Mr. Pryor said to me in this room was true, and I had it coming to me. I was to blame, and not Dale Drayton, for the accident to David Cayson, because I suggested the trick. What I put in the Hazelnut was the limit; and I was a fool to believe that there was any conspiracy against

me. It was my believing it that made all the trouble."

I got it all off my chest in half a minute, I guess. It just came because I had been thinking it so much. I couldn't have said a thing if I'd thought I was going to. I said just the things that had to come, though I didn't know what the words were. When I got through, there wasn't a person stirred in all that big hall. They just stared. Then I looked down at my hands, and there I was holding on with both of them to that fool shoe. And all I could do was to turn around and limp out on one stocking-foot.

Well, I went downstairs and tried to find my car; and I couldn't, because I couldn't think straight. But at last I did, and I was just getting in when somebody came up behind me and said:

"Bob!"

I turned around, and it was Judge Haskell. And he just put out his hand and shook hands with me. He didn't say a thing. And say! I couldn't start the car till almost everybody else was gone. I couldn't see.

It seems the strike fell flat, as if it were punctured. I found out afterward that it was Bones Campbell

that posted the notices, and enough of the gang didn't like Mr. Pryor, or wanted to have some fun, so they struck. But everybody went back to school next day except Larry and me. I found out, too, that David Cayson's neighbors had told about his not being crippled, so his case was a flop, too.

WHEN I got home, there was Fred Rock sitting on the steps. I thought he was just back from the city, so the first thing I said was:

"Do you know where Larry is?"

He shook his head. "He wouldn't tell me," he answered. Then he looked at me, out from under his eyebrows.

"I was down at the high school," he said,

## Gratitude

Dear Father God:

*I am grateful for Thy confidence in me, which trusts me to express Thy life, Thy mind, Thy will. May I prove worthy of that trust!*

*I stand in silent awe before Thy love and wisdom, which have fashioned this body temple—the cunning of the hand, the perception of the eye, the quickness of the brain, the response of nerves and muscles. Help me to be so sincerely grateful for these common miracles that I shall not desecrate Thy matchless work.—E. C. W.*

"and I'll hand it to you, Sandsy. I didn't think you had it in you."

Well, even if I didn't like him, I had to like him when he said that, because if he felt that way I knew that I must have said exactly what I had to say, if Fred Rock got it.

Then we started talking about Larry. And Fred said:

"He told me to come on out, but that he wasn't coming. I guess he's quit you, Sandsy. Say, what's the matter with your foot?"

#### Chapter XIV

I DIDN'T show Larry's note to Fred; but I told him that Larry had left word that his father had come back and was sick, and Larry had to take care of him. Then Fred and I had a talk that I'm going to try to put down, because it's really one more thing I want to write about.

"Why does Larry have to take care of a dad now who quit him when he was a kid?" Fred asked.

I had thought the same thing; but when Fred asked it I sort of felt that I had to answer for Larry. "He's his father," I said.

"Funny that his dad should be his father, what?" Fred asked. "But suppose he is, what's that got to do with it? His dad didn't give a hoot about him. All that stuff gives me a cramp. Filial duty, that's what they call it. They tell you your dad and your mother brought you into the world, and all that, and that they've given you everything you've got, and that you owe them this filial-duty thing. That means, do as they say, whether you want to or not, and give up everything you want to do if they happen to want you to! I'd like to have somebody tell me why!"

"I suppose they give up a lot for you. Your dad did, probably."

"Aw, poppycock! That's what *they* say!"

"But your dad did 'bring you into the world.'"

*"Then you don't believe in the Look-see, Fred?"*



"Well, who asked him to? I didn't! He did it because he wanted to. He didn't ask me!"

"Then why did he do it?"

"You know why he did it."

We didn't either of us say anything for a minute. He knew I would know what he meant. All the fellows do. If you think





they don't, you're mistaken. There are too many books and magazines that talk that way nowadays; and they're nothing to what you hear.

"Well," I said after a while, "are you sorry you're here?"

"I don't know that I am. But I can't figure where I owe *him* anything for it."

He stopped and grinned at me. "That's where the worst bunk of all comes in, Sandsy, and you know that as well as I do. To hear them talk, you'd think they got married on just one account—yours! They hated to, but they did, out of their deep regard for you and me. It's all of a piece

*(Turn to page 38)*



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

## Most Thankful Youth

**A** FOUR-year course in the institution of his choice, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with all living and incidental expenses paid, gives Wilbur B. Huston, sixteen-year-old winner of the Edison scholarship contest, much for which to be thankful.

From among forty-nine contestants—one from each state and the District of Columbia—Wilbur was named the winner of the Thomas A. Edison competition. He made an average test grade of 92.



# Praise and Thanksgiving

## *A Message to Youth Readers*

By Charles Fillmore

**T**O SAY that "thoughts are things" is easy; but what do you mean when you say it? The Bible on this desk before me is a thing; the desk is a thing. Are you referring to visible objects when you say, "Thoughts are things"?

"Thoughts are things" when they are employed in the realm of things, but thoughts are more than things when they originate in the supermind.

If you are thinking through your head and sending out head thoughts, your thoughts are just things. They go out almost as lifeless as the matter that they describe. If you go into the inner sanctuary, however, into your higher thought—that which you have conceived in your Christ mind, then your thoughts transcend things; they are creative ideas.

Thoughts take on the character of the thinker. Thoughts from the heart have substance and love; those from the head alone are cold and lifeless and soon pass away.

If you could see your thoughts taking form as little entities, as pictures of yourself, just like tiny images, going out from every part of your body, especially your brain centers, you would be either shocked or delighted—shocked, if you were thinking in hate and selfishness; delighted, if you were thinking in love and good will. If you were thinking ill of another, you would see your thought entities as ugly miniatures of yourself, little gnomes with malicious faces and crooked forms, bent on carrying out the evil intent that you charged them with. If you were thinking good, helpful thoughts, the little entities would appear with happy, glowing faces, eager to impart your good message.

Jesus said that a man would be held responsible for his lightest word or thought. Thus we see how important it is to know something about the character of our thoughts.

Thought transference is a fact, and our thoughts are carrying messages of good or

ill will continually to everybody and everything. You are filling your aura, your thought atmosphere, with millions of entities that are just like you. These thought entities that we are forming with our every mental concept look and act as we do, and they represent us in our various mental attitudes. They are the nymphs, the gnomes, and the fairies of the mind. They are the elemental forms and forces that move nature to beauty or to ugliness, and man is the primal mover.

Thoughts of gratitude and of thanksgiving fill the mental atmosphere with entities that express the desire to serve. If the gratitude is directed toward some person, the thought is of service of some kind to that one. If it is gratitude to God for life, love, and many blessings, a great urge to serve Him fills the thought entities, and they go out as consecrated workers for the good of all mankind.

Some of you may be thinking or saying, "I have nothing to be thankful for; why should I give thanks?" That is the principal reason why you should give thanks. Give thanks for what you would like to have. Your thought entities will begin to manufacture the desired substance in your consciousness; and if you keep right at it, those thought entities will bring about your possession of those desired things.

Do you know that this is a law of God given to His people, a law by which they may have all things?

If you had a great factory, in which you could manufacture anything that you desired, wouldn't you consider yourself rich? Well, you have such a factory, the creative power of thought. This factory of the mind is manufacturing all kinds of thoughts and all kinds of conditions for all of us. We all have a great many more blessings than we appreciate. Think of the many blessings that you have, and give thanks to God for them, but also begin to give thanks right now for the blessings that you want. Jesus said, "All things . . . ye pray . . .

for, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Pray for what you want, and at the same time give thanks that you already have it. This will start your thought entities to making manifest what you are asking for.

Thousands of earnest, honest Christians have not received answers to their prayers because they have not fulfilled this law, which requires that the thought entities be both receivers and deliverers. If you ask and ask and ask, and fill your thought atmosphere with thought entities that pile up, with entities that only ask, and not with entities to "deliver the goods," how can you expect to have your prayers answered? You must form in your thought world thought entities authorized to deliver what you have asked for. They will work their way into manifestation. In other words, you must give thanks for what you ask for, or want, exactly as if you had already received it; then the little fairies of your mind will begin at once to find a way to deliver to your manifest world the things that you have prayed for.

The mind of man touches the kingdom of God. Seek first this kingdom and its righteousness and "all these things shall be added unto you." You may agonize in your prayers, and call mightily on God to grant your petitions, but you will not get results until you fulfill the divine law.

"Revile not the king, no, not in thy thought; and revile not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the heavens shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter" (Ecclesiastes 10:20).

These thought entities that we are constantly sending forth form groups. They get together like people and talk things over. They conjure up conditions and believe in things that are not true, because we have sent them forth imbued with that

character of belief. When the whole world awakens to this fact, how careful we all are going to be of the power of our thoughts—of our most secret thoughts, of what we think in the secret recesses of our minds, as well as of what we say. If you are discontented, your discontented thoughts will get together and make you believe that everything is going wrong in your world; they will bring increasing discontent upon you, with all that goes with it. If you believe in sickness or death, you will manifest entities of that kind, and they will make the microbes that destroy the body.

So we see that we must manufacture in our minds the perfection that we desire to make manifest. "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

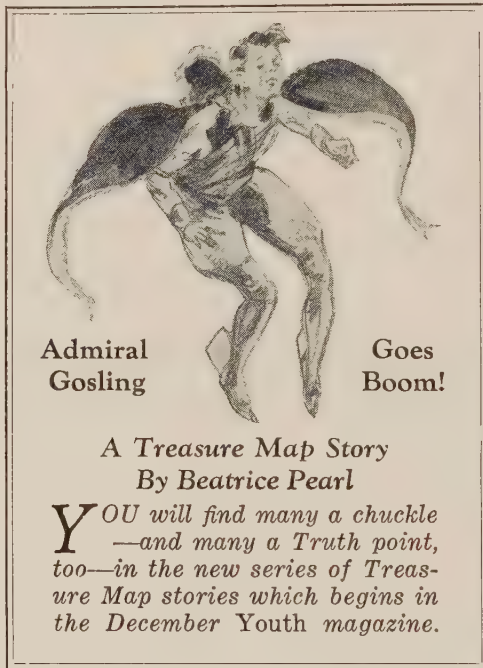
If you wanted to do a great healing, and you let your mind go out and make contact with the groaning and moaning mind of your patient, you would never heal him. You would have to insulate yourself from his belief in pain, because otherwise your thought entities and his thought entities on the mortal plane would mix, and

he would make you believe just as he was believing. Thought entities of a feather flock together.

When Jesus Christ raised Jairus' daughter, He went into the house, where many were mourning, and put them out. Then He took Peter and James and John, whom He had trained in the divine law of life and right thinking. They formed a life-giving battery. Jesus took the little girl by the hand and raised her up, and she was restored to life. Following the example of Jesus, we must put out of our minds error thoughts, sick thoughts, dead thoughts, and charge our every thought entity with life and strength.

Again, if you are laboring under a belief

(Turn to page 29)



Admiral  
Gosling

Goes  
Boom!

*A Treasure Map Story  
By Beatrice Pearl*

**Y**OU will find many a chuckle  
—and many a Truth point,  
too—in the new series of *Treasure Map stories* which begins in  
the December *Youth* magazine.



# The Tenth Man

## *A Copy of Youth Saves the Day for This Tenth Man*

*When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people. Address your letter to Editor of Youth magazine. Please sign your letter; we shall not print your name unless you request it.*

*Dear Editor:* Recently, after a long, hot, trying day, I began to get ready to go home from business college. I had some library books to be returned that day and in placing them with my school books I noticed that my desk would have put any newspaper editor's desk to shame. So, before leaving, I decided to clean out my desk. And there among various papers and books was a copy of *Youth*, which I had brought to school for a friend and had neglected to take home when she returned it.

I put *Youth* with my books that were to be taken home, as I always save my copies and read them over on rainy days. Then I set out for the library and returned my borrowed books, checked out some new ones, and boarded the car that would take me home.

As I said before, it had been hot. My typewriter ribbon had become tangled, and I had ruined a stencil, and my fingers just wouldn't strike the right keys; in fact, I was all wrong and everything else seemed the same way to me.

It had been hot waiting for the street car and when I got on I was glad to rest and to glance over my new books. Finally I picked up *Youth* and in turning the pages I came to a picture of Sandy and the little good luck coin in which Will Rock and others had so much faith. In my negative frame of mind I decided that the story was just a matter of fiction, written merely for entertainment, and, while I liked the story, I didn't believe in the ideas that it told about. I closed the magazine and prepared to change at my transfer point.

Just as I was ready to step off the car (the motorman had opened the door and I saw my transfer car coming), my books slipped. I managed to clutch them all

but the slender little magazine. It slipped to the floor of the car. I started to get off and leave it there on the floor, but I have saved all my copies and I hated to see a good friend left on the floor to be trampled by dirty, unheeding feet, so I picked it up and started to step down on the folding step of the car.

Just at that moment a laundry truck came speeding down the street. In turning the corner the driver lost control of his car and it crashed into the front of the street car, tearing off the front portion of the door and all of the step. A man and a woman were waiting to board the street car, and the man had already put one foot on the step. This action resulted in a broken leg for him, and the woman was thrown into the air before my horrified eyes, to crash on the pavement, unconscious!

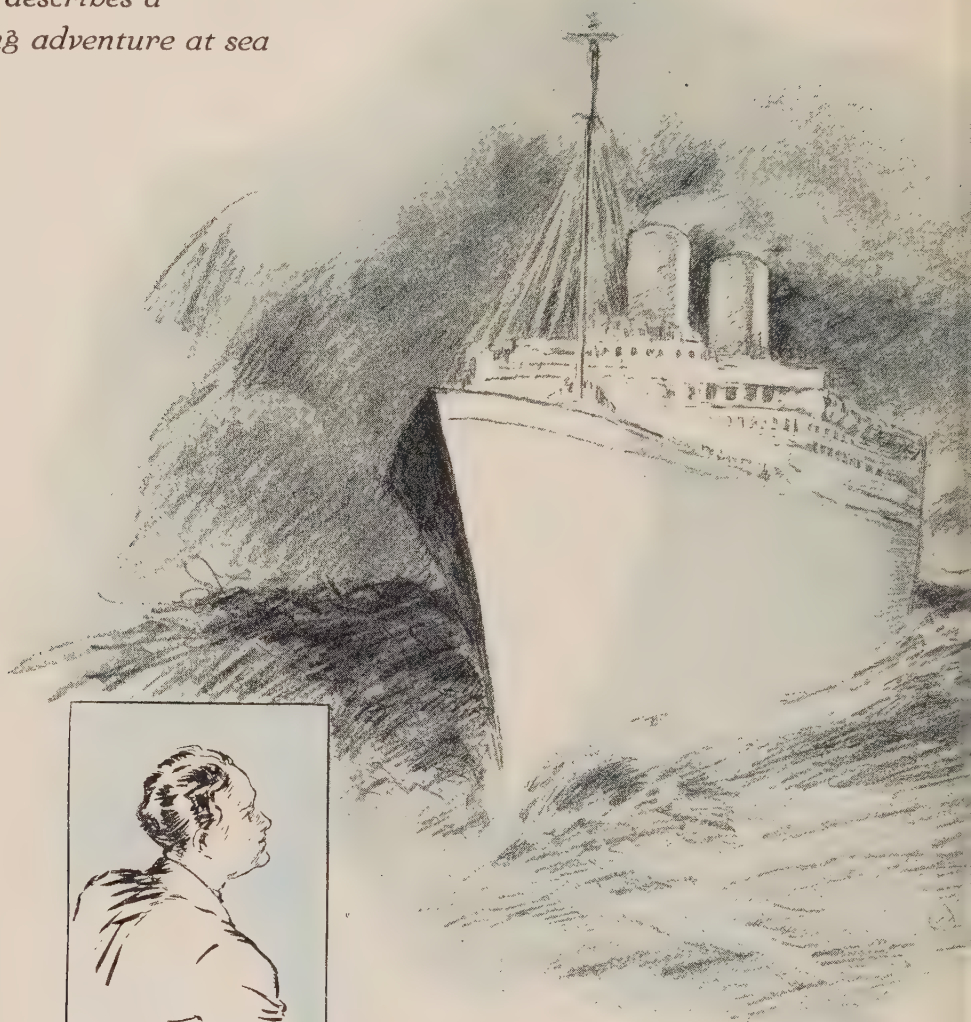
I was very much shaken by the narrowness of my escape, for a parked car was just back of the step and if the truck had struck me while I was on the step, I should have struck my head against the bumper of the parked car.

A few moments later I stood in the street shaking and trying to smile in all that excited crowd. I hugged the precious *Youth* and my books to me, and I realized that I hadn't meant what I had thought on the street car. I knew what that little good luck coin signified and I knew what *Youth* had done for me. Right there on that crowded street I resolved, with my shaking hand on *Youth*, never again to let doubt creep into my mind or to lose faith, no matter how hot or cold the day or how trying my work had been. It was an experience I wish never to repeat, but it taught me a very valuable lesson.—R. G.

James L. Hill

*vividly describes a  
thrilling adventure at sea*

Out o



**I**T WAS more than a dark night, even for the China Sea. There was fog; and the big steel passenger ship charged through it with a dozen lookouts posted about the decks and up aloft, while every two minutes the whistle shrieked a warning to any ship which might be hidden by the gray mantle. Mr. King, the first officer, stood near the bridge binnacle, peering into the blanket of darkness ahead. On the other side of the binnacle stood the captain, Angel Todd.

From below decks came the strains of

jazz music, snatches of laughter, and the shuffle of dancing feet.

Angel Todd swore, profusely and fluently. To him swearing was not blasphemy, for he was a pagan, a man who neither feared nor trusted any man save himself.

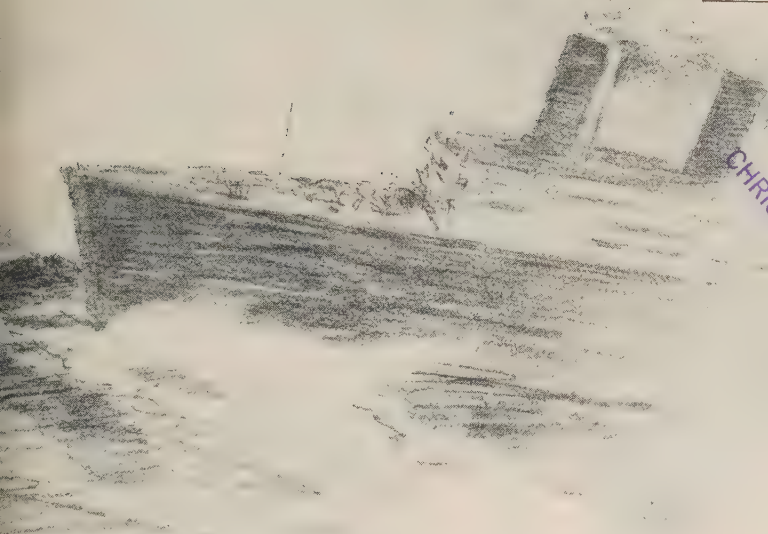
Mr. King shot the skipper a look of reproach, which caused Angel Todd to turn loose a fresh stream of profanity. The captain had little respect for his first officer.

The orchestra broke into another refrain. "Fools!" stormed Angel Todd, "laughing and dancing, while——" and he waved



# ne Fog

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HUNTER



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*Twenty thousand tons of steel shot past the stern  
of an equally large ocean greyhound.*

toward the all-enveloping mantle of fog. "They are conscious of no danger," returned Mr. King. "That's our job—to bring them through safe, somehow."

Angel Todd replied with an oath. This was Mr. King's last trip as a first officer. The company was giving him a ship of his own. The corners of Angel Todd's mouth twisted into a crooked smile.

"Good riddance, blast him!" muttered the captain, between oaths; "bet he'll make his crew say their prayers before they turn in."

Five bells struck, then six, and seven,

when suddenly the sound of a whistle came to their ears. The two officers leaned forward intently. Out there somewhere was another ship. "She's on our port bow," cried Angel Todd.

"I think not, sir," came the calm reply from Mr. King. "To starboard, I should say."

Angel Todd rasped out an oath. Once again came the blast, then silence.

The captain strained his eyes until the fog seemed yet mistier, and strained his ears for sounds of whistles and horns until

to him the deep toned hum of the engines was audible. He sent repeated injunctions to the lookouts to listen carefully—to report anything that sounded like horns or whistles. But he did not slow down; a collision is just as possible at half speed as at full speed, and, in spite of sentiment or law, Angel Todd preferred being on the ship that strikes the blow to being on the one that receives it. A thousand lives were in his care.

MINUTES passed; the strains of a popular waltz and a soft feminine laugh floated up from the deck below. Angel Todd stood braced against the bridge rail, more statuelike than the quartermaster at the wheel. Behind him was Mr. King, lips moving silently. Angel Todd forgot to swear. At each end of the long bridge was a lookout, as intent and immovable as the officers. The fog grew thicker, and the rumble of the engines seemed louder in consequence, while the two-minute blast of the whistle cleaved the clogged air like thunderclaps. The orchestra below broke into a one-step.

Again came the shriek from the other ship, again and again; warningly, protestingly, it reverberated through the fog. Each blast seemed to come from a different quarter, now from port, now from starboard, then dead ahead. Closer and closer it came. Yet none could definitely locate it.

For the first time in his life Angel Todd knew fear. For the first time he, the man of action, found himself utterly helpless. He started to reach for the engine telegraph, then dropped his hand. Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. He beat the rail with impotent rage. He could do nothing! He was powerless. Nothing but fate or—his mind considered the thought—God could save them. He looked at Mr. King. The first officer was standing erect, his eyes closed, his lips moving.

The orchestra was playing again. There was a trill of feminine laughter. A deep bass voice broke into song. Closer came

the blasts of the other steamer. Then Angel Todd lifted his arms heavenward—those lives down below were under his care.

"Please, O God! please!" he pleaded, "remove the fog!" Then, he added simply, "Thank you."

Mr. King stared. The watch forgot to search the fog. Angel Todd folded his arms and waited.

THEN, as a door swings open to admit the light, the fog separated into segments, hung like smoke wreaths for an instant, vanished. Angel Todd gazed at the stars—and was glad.

At that instant an uproar of shouts sounded from the various lookouts.

"Ship dead ahead, sir!" they called. "Port, sir! She's crossing our bow! Hard over, sir! Right under the bow, sir! A steamship dead ahead, sir! Port the wheel, sir! For God's sake!"

Angel Todd took one look, then screamed the order to the quartermaster.

"Steady as you go! Port! Hard aport! Hard over the wheel!" He jammed the engine-room telegraph to "Stop." The quartermaster spun the wheel, the rudder responded, and the twenty thousand tons of steel shot past the stern of an equally large ocean greyhound, from whose multitude of windows and deadlights shone the light of a thousand electric bulbs—from whose decks, as she vanished into the night, came the shouts of startled men and the screams of women and children.

Angel Todd moved the telegraph to "full speed ahead," and directed the quartermaster to return to the course; then he called to Mr. King, and gripped his hand silently.

"It was rather close, sir," said King.

Angel Todd smiled.

"I wasn't thinking of that, Mr. King," he said, "but—something has cleared the fog in here," and he thumped his chest. The orchestra was playing a lively tune, now. "I've found something stronger in life than myself, and that something is—God!"

(The End)

## Youth: Today's Salvation

By F. B. Whitney

MR. WHITNEY'S high vision of the youth of today will be an inspiration alike to the young people who read his message in December Youth magazine and to those others who view the younger generation "with alarm."



## Betty Baker's Dozen

(Concluded from page 5)

two plays by Booth Tarkington, "The Willing Performer" and "The Trysting Place," had been chosen. Then had come the dates for the tryouts. How Betty had wished that she had the talent to "make" the cast, or even the courage to try! The winners had been announced, and Betty had had a vicarious thrill because she knew, ever so slightly, Rose Ware, who played the daughter in "The Trysting Place." Of course it was the smallest part, but it was wonderful to have a part at all! Then had come the days when "Are you going?" and "Have you bought your ticket?" were virtually passwords among the juniors.

And now the plays were over. Betty, with the other girls in the audience, stood aside while the boys, with unnecessary but joyous clatter, slid the tiers of seats back to the walls. The musicians shifted their stands and rearranged their music. The violinist tested his bow. Betty and Alma found themselves almost in the center of the wide, cleared dance floor. They made their way over to the seats, and sat down a little hesitantly.

The side lines filled with girls. In the hallway were the boys, perching on the balustrades just as the grackles used to swarm in the big oak, down in Belleview.

The enticing music brought out a small and happy little group of dancers—the actors and actresses (Rose Ware had left on the mascara), the high school athletes, the officers and chairmen, in short, the prominent society crowd of Foster—and no one else.

The girls on the social committee flaunted their satin badges, and provided light comedy by introducing to one another the lead-

ing man and the leading lady, and the captain of the football team and the girl he had brought to the dramatics.

"They are the show, and the rest of us are still the audience," thought Betty.

The only one she knew of the urbane group on the floor was Harry Lee. Harry was on the track squad, and therefore he was prominent and belonged. Mrs. Lee and Betty's mother were friends. She supposed that Harry would feel he must hunt her up and ask for a dance, that his mother would expect it of him. She hoped he would forget it.

Betty felt as if she were in a pillory, labeled "Unpopular." To feel friendless and out of place in the everyday life of the high school was far from pleasant, but to be ranged against the wall, on exhibition, was even more uncomfortable.

Her "first good time" at Foster was turning out to be a complete failure. The only consoling thought was that Dad was not there to witness her disappointment. After he had brought Alma and herself to the dramatics, he had driven on down town to his lodge.

Dad! He had a running waltz, dating back to that bright year of Daddy and Mother's courtship, and sometimes even now he would clear the living room floor and demonstrate his skill to the music of their radio. Mother would laugh as with long gliding steps he swept her

through the room. There weren't finer people in the world than her father and mother; only she was glad Dad had not stayed to try to make the party pleasanter for her, and draw smiles of amusement



Betty

toward himself and her by so doing.

Betty wondered if her mother would understand, if ever in her happy, busy life she had felt so forlorn. Mother had a way, after every catastrophe, of picking up the pieces and fitting them together into a pattern that was better than before. If she told Mother how left out and unhappy she had felt, Mother's eyes would twinkle and she would say, "Just what did *you* do to make the party a success?"

But how could *she* help any one to have a good time? She knew hardly any one—just Alma, and a few other girls sitting nearby, and then out in the hall, Tom Barron, who delivered their groceries during vacations and Saturdays, and Herbert Dudley, who lived a few doors away and sold them a magazine every week.

Suddenly Betty held her breath, in a smothery excitement of desperation, resolution, and daring.

She caught Tom Barron's eye, and summoned him with an authoritative, quick little nod and a beckoning finger. Tom almost fell off the balustrade.

"You'd think he was a clay pigeon," she exulted. "This is like diving, not nearly so bad after you've made up your mind to it."

"Miss Hunt, this is Mr. Barron," she told her rather fluttery little friend.

"Shall we dance?" he suggested, but even as Alma was accepting, Betty outgeneraled them.

"First, won't you bring in those two friends with whom you were talking?" she asked.

As Tom went back for more recruits, Betty and Alma assumed a calm that they did not feel.

Betty introduced them as well as she could above the blare of the trombones, and barely restrained a victorious smile as Alma and Tom danced off together.

Mr. Pennick asked Harriet Handley to dance and Mr. Rogers was negotiating with Betty for the one-step, when Betty noticed with surprise that Herbert Dudley had come in, too. When he found that he could not have that dance, he asked for the second. She sent him whirling across the floor with Jane Blair; then at last she started to dance with Mr. Rogers. The music stopped too soon. He clapped enthusiastically for an encore.

Betty and Mr. Rogers, who had somehow caught the spirit of things, spent a busy intermission with introductions. The ice

had been broken. It melted and vanished.

"They aren't different from Bellevue folks, once you get them started," Betty thought.

When Betty had summoned Tom Barron, she had resolved to make a dozen introductions, as her share in making the party more successful. She lost count, however; the number must have run up much higher than a dozen, even to a very generous baker's dozen.

Miss Freeman, her English teacher, was sitting alone, doing her duty as chaperon.

"Wouldn't you enjoy talking to Miss Freeman during the next dance," she asked her partner. "She has the III A classes, and it would be nice to know her before next term. Then you could decide whether you would rather be in her class or in Miss Borden's."

She brought him over and, from glances during the next dance, she saw that they were having an animated conversation.

"Miss Freeman knew my Uncle Ted when they were in college," he told Betty later. "She certainly is a peach. I'm going to tell Ted he'd better go see her. How about the next dance? Well, the next? The second half of the third one, then!"

The floor was crowded now; the side lines were empty except for several teachers and the few students who did not dance.

Harry Lee, from whom she had expected (and dreaded) a dutiful invitation, found it impossible to get a dance. He remained along the side lines the next time, and then cut in.

"You've been keeping so busy this evening I haven't had a chance to talk to you," he said. "You're the best one on the c'mitty," he added admiringly.

So he thought she was on the committee! Then she would have to admit, she supposed, that she was self appointed.

"I——" she started hesitantly. Just then Tom Barron cut in. Betty flashed Harry Lee a parting smile. Well, one problem of conduct was settled.

It was the last dance. The hour that she had thought would be endless had gone very quickly!

Harry asked to see her to her home. Her father had stopped in on his way back from lodge, and he arranged to take Alma and Herbert Dudley, as well as Harry, in his car.

Betty proudly introduced her father to Miss Freeman.

"Betty tells me you have some very tal-



ented young people," he said genially. Betty knew that tone! He used it in complimenting Mr. Ferrell's garden, and in admiring the Dobsons' new home. It meant he could praise the possessions of others generously—because he was deeply satisfied with his own.

"Betty has a valuable gift," Miss Freeman answered. Betty glowed with happiness. She hardly knew which was pleasanter, Miss Freeman's arm across her shoulder, or the sweet way she said "Betty."

"A talent for friendship," Miss Freeman explained.

*(The End)*

## Praise and Thanksgiving

*(Concluded from page 22)*

of lack, poverty, insufficiency, stop right where you are and begin to give thanks to God for abundance. Tell God how abundantly He has provided for you through Jesus Christ. Think about the Lord Jesus Christ and of the riches that were His in Spirit. He said, "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." We know that this is true because Jesus Christ made contact with the producing, spiritual thought realm and He raised His whole mental atmosphere and made it at one with creative Mind. He charged every thought entity with abundance. "Looking up to heaven," He gave thanks before there was any outward manifestation that His request was granted. Then he fed the multitude. Jesus manufactured thought entities so abundantly that we can all have as many of them as we need. He named them His body and His blood, or His substance and His life, and He asked us to appropriate them through faith and understanding.

Let us begin right now to give thanks; to give thanks for all the good that we have longed for, and to which we have looked forward. Give thanks that you have already received your good, and soon you will begin to feel a change of mind; then better conditions will follow until all your desires are fulfilled.

Remember that your thought entities are constantly working for your good or your ill. It is your duty, as a student of Truth, to keep them busy manufacturing good thoughts only. You are not to worry about the outcome. Your thought entities will attend to everything. They will bring the desired things into your life. They will make contact, through Christ, with the very things for which you have been longing, and before you are aware of it these things will come into your life.

*(The End)*

## You Smiled at Me

YOU smiled at me,  
A bright and friendly, crinkly smile  
That warmed my heart and cheered my way;  
For, though I tried to hide it well,  
My inmost heart was sad that day.  
You smiled at me.

Somehow my load, then, lighter seemed,  
And courage came awelling, too.  
You've gone your way, unheeding, friend;  
Still, from my heart I'm thanking you  
Because you smiled at me.

—Virginia Jackson Safford.

## The Vacuum Cure

(Concluded from page 13)

long, if everything were always flying off at sixes and sevens? Things must be pretty nearly right or they couldn't keep on going so steadily."

"Steady misery. Just wait till Farmington begins to pile up the touchdowns, and see if you will still be such a little sunbeam."

Barton turned away. He saw that something more forceful than argument was needed to wake his friend up. All the morning he pondered. What could jar Knox out of the complacent posturing of gloom of which he had come to be just a little proud?

"It's come to be a regular disease with him," Barton mused aloud. The word set off a train in his mind. "Disease!" A very catching kind! He surely knew that much about it after his infection of the previous evening. Suddenly the idea came: Quarantine! That was what people always did about 'catching' things. This must be a quarantine of deafness against the germs of mouth born dumps.

Within an hour Barton had hunted up Jim and a half dozen of the other boys. Jim was still suffering from the germs he had absorbed the previous evening, but he quickly cheered up at thought of the plan and, with the others, agreed to extend the quarantine through the school. Knox's grumpiness had not especially endeared him to the girls and it was easy to enlist them in the cause of reform.

Knox was not long in noticing that something was out of joint. As he walked through the corridor a magic circle of emptiness seemed to accompany him. In the classes the seats next to his were promptly vacated. Whenever he tried to speak or ask an explanation, those addressed rushed away without appearing to hear. By dis-

missal time he was both puzzled and angry. Walking morosely across the campus, he stumbled on Barton.

"What's the meaning of all this monkey business?" Knox demanded.



*The coach was exasperated. "What's got into you fellows—you act as if you're doped—snap out of it."*

Barton started to dodge away, but Knox caught him by the arm.

"That's what everybody has been doing. What's the big idea?"

Barton seemed to be suffering from an aggravated case of lockjaw. Without a murmur he led Knox over to the curb where the latter's car was standing. On its battered side some one had chalked: "The Hearse." More prominent still was a placard of glaring orange-red bearing the words:

### QUARANTINE!

The Gloomy-Dumps. Very Contagious.  
Hear Nothing—Speak Nothing.

"So that's your little game!" roared Knox, snatching the card, tearing it in two, and flinging it to the ground.

Without answer Barton picked up the pieces and darted away.

Knox, too angry for football practice, slammed into his car and rattled off.

The next day Knox tried to break the quarantine. It was no use. The invisible taboo seemed to encircle him like bands of steel. He went doggedly to football practice, sure that the coach at least would call him down for his absence of the evening before. He got no response. He might have been the world's most complete



vacuum, for all the notice any one took of him.

THAT night he scarcely slept. The sense of isolation was growing unendurable. To be a Robinson Crusoe in the midst of a moiling high school was even worse than to be one on a desert isle. By sunup he had made his decision.

One of the first fellows he saw at the school was Barton, strolling along the walk with Jim. Both seemed disposed to flee at sight of him, but he halted them with a hail.

"What a grand morning it is! Isn't it just great to be alive!"

Barton grinned and came closer. "What about the Farmington game?"

"Just watch us walk over that gang! O boy!"

"And Jim, here?" Barton's tone was reminiscent.

"He's got that Farmington quarter backed off the picture. Jim, you're a run-

nin' fool. I'm counting on you to win!"

"I see you're cured." Both boys started pump handling Knox's arms.

"I'll say I am. Never again for me. I've had enough."

Barton fished the torn quarantine card out of his pocket. "Maybe you'd like to keep this as a souvenir. Then, if you ever feel a relapse coming on, you can look at it."

If at times Knox had symptoms of relapse, they were never allowed to become severe, and he was amazed to find what a different world he was living in. The Farmington game was a shining example. Knox rushed to the showers, banged-up but happy, after his last minute touchdown had won the game.

"It didn't look as if I could ever make it," he panted to Barton, "with their line holding like a stone wall; but I thought, 'I can and I will!' and I did."

"Isn't it just great to be alive?" grinned Barton.

(The End)

# REMEMBER

By Lowell Fillmore

For a number of years our readers have been asking that "Things to Be Remembered" be published in book form. As the requests became more insistent Mr. Fillmore started working on this book. A few days ago he announced that he had sent *Remember* to the printers and that it would be ready for Christmas.

*Remember* is taken from "Things to Be Remembered," the popular series that runs in *Weekly Unity*. All articles that have run in that series were considered, but only those that have proved to be the most helpful were chosen for this book. Following each chapter are seven affirmations for meditation. These are given for the purpose of putting the lessons contained in the chapter to practical use.

We cannot tell you the exact publishing date of *Remember*, but we can promise you that it will be ready in time to fill all Christmas orders. It will be cloth bound and priced at \$1.

No doubt you will want several copies of *Remember* to send to your friends this Christmas, as well as a copy for yourself. We cannot urge you too strongly to get your order in at once. All orders will be filed as they reach us, and will be filled just as quickly as *Remember* is off the press.

Put *REMEMBER* at the head of your Christmas list

## It Must Never Happen Again!

(Concluded from page 9)

Ed had had his hair cut only yesterday. What the deuce was he in here for? As he looked round a little wildly, his glance caught a door that led into the manicure shop. He fumbled with his gloves.

"Hands," he said. "Nails. Need looking after."

The fat little man nodded, turning back to his pomades and pink tonics.

"Sure. Go right in, sir. One of 'em'll be with you in a minute."

IT WAS an ordinary little room, with stark white walls, high and narrow, and one small window against which the rain beat spitefully. There was a table with a white pad and a glass bowl of greenish water. There were two chairs with blue canvas backs, and a tall, ruffled white screen concealing one corner. It was not unlike a hospital. Ed hesitated on the threshold, and half turned back.

"One of 'em'll be right in, sir," the fat little man repeated.

Ed sat down. It seemed as if he had been there several minutes when he became aware of whispers behind the screen. Actually, it had not been half a minute.

"Oh, Lordy, Jule! Jule, *you* go."

"But I tell you, Geranium, I can't begin to get 'em on. Look at that!"

"Well, they're just as too big for me."

"You can scuff. Try it."

Scuff, scuff. Laughter.

"Well, I can, then. Listen here, though. Do I do all the work today just because——" Scuff, scuff.

"Oh, you're funny, Geranium. No, look. I'll run over home and get some others while you're doing this feller. Maybe Betty's will fit you. I'll bring a pair anyway. Just do this first one. There's a dear, Geranium."

Scuff, scuff.

"All right."

"Quit laughing, now."

There was a minute's hush. Ed imagined that he could see her through the screen. A girl with bold eyes and ridiculous clothes, busy over rouge and powder. Why had he come in here? The rain clattered at the window.

"Jule!" called the fat little man. "There's somebody waitin'."

"I'll take care of him, Mr. Thibodeau."

Ed's eyes turned toward the side of the screen that had moved.

"Good morning."

She was a scrap of a thing with reddish hair. Her skirt was very brief and yet drenched about the hem, and her feet were thrust into bedroom slippers of purple felt with green pompons. These were too large and dragged at her heels as she went across to turn on the heat at the radiator. She had a quick, rather rollicking walk, and the slippers floundered in the wake of it. When she came toward the table she smiled. A throbbing and hissing set up, and she seemed to bring warmth with her. It shut out the clatter and the chill of the rain.

"Wet, isn't it? I got *soaked* on the way down. Did you? Did it run down your neck? I hate it to run down my neck."

"It's raining all right," Ed grudged her.

She sat down to open the drawer of the table. It stuck, but when she set her mouth and tugged, it yielded.

"This kind of weather," she said, contentedly, "everything sticks."

There was something mysterious and exciting about the things in her drawer. She could not see in, without pushing back her chair, so she felt about with her hands, and produced each thing with an air of small triumph. A slender, yellow, pointed stick. A sliver of steel. A bottle with a bright red stopper. Ed was for an instant vaguely reminded of a school holiday a good many years before. There had been a boy besides himself in it, possibly his cousin Ralph, and a dusty garret with unlocked chests. Ed shifted impatiently. Ralph Hollister. There was another one who had been served up a mess of a life. Money enough, both of them, from grandfathers, but no point to anything; all on account of the war. Somehow it killed a fellow's interest, being dropped out of regular living so long. All gas and guns for three years.

"I hope you don't mind I'm so slow. You see, I've only been here one day. I'm new."

She smiled up at him. It was a wide, honest little smile.

"Well, I haven't got forever," Ed told her.

That was a lie. Why had he lied to the girl? He had time enough now; more than



he knew what to do with. Her eyes blinked and grew anxious.

"Goodness!" she said, "I expect you're missing something important. Prob'ly you've got a conference. I'm awful sorry. I'll be quick—I'll be so quick you'll forget you had a manicure at all."

She had brightened again, but she was no longer getting fun from the contents of her drawer. The rest came out hastily: a bushy black brush; a jar of white cream; a spot of something pink on a square of glass.

"That looks like oil paint—for pictures," Ed remarked with an effort.

"Oh," she said, "have you seen it? I never did. I'd love to see somebody paint a picture. I like 'em when they're done. I go to the galleries to see 'em. I like 'em awful well. You—you don't paint pictures, do you?"

She hunched her elbows on the table and regarded him. Her cropped head was rough from tipping up and down. Her eyes were clear green; but she had a common little nose. Ed could imagine the sort of pictures she looked at in galleries.

"Of course not," he said sharply. Another lie. "But I know a chap who does," he amended it. Then he despised himself. "Let's get this done," he said. "No fuss, you understand. No polish. Clean 'em up, and file 'em off." What had possessed him to come in here? He dipped his fingers sulkily into the greenish water.

The girl removed covers. She had strong hands. Steam crept up from one end of the radiator, white and singing. Ed thought of teakettles, though he had not seen one in years. Between him and the steam there was this girl's head. Reddish. Goldish. Small. She took up his hand and wrapped it in the crisp folds of a towel. Her fingers curled under his.

"**I**LL give you just the best manicure I can," she promised him gayly; anxiously, too. She did not look up.

"I guess it'll be all right," Ed said. Then because he could see her mouth, "Say, come on. What's the matter? I don't mind waiting—or anything. And suppose I did? What do you care?"

She filed busily for a minute.

"Well, you see, it's pretty important I keep this job. It's the best job I ever had." Then her voice changed. She smiled: "Besides I want to please you. There's some-

thing the matter with you. You need help."

Ed stiffened.

"Something the matter with me? How d'you get that way?"

She looked frightened again. She couldn't have been over seventeen, if she was that. The orange stick dropped with a woody chatter, and she thrust her second finger hastily into the jar of white cream.

"I don't know—really. I just thought there was. You looked so——"

"Looked so what?"

She did not answer. Ed sat watching the bright top of her head move intently in the same circular motion as that of the sturdy finger that was creaming his thumb nail.

"Well, you're all wrong." His voice was deep and he was regarding her fiercely. Suddenly he bent over until his mouth was just above the flying ends of her hair. "There's nothing the matter with me. Only I never had a home in my life. Never had any folks. I lived round at boarding schools. Darned big baby, sniffing round. Christmas I went to church in the morning and kept still in the afternoon so that the dean could sleep. That's the kind of Christmas I had when I was a kid."

"Oh-h," the girl said.

She had forgotten to finish massaging the back of his hand. It lay there on the white pad between them, her two covering it. She was looking up, her eyes round and soft.

"So there's nothing the matter with me," Ed growled on, "only I ran away from the boarding schools to enlist; and when the Germans had shot at me for three years I still wasn't twenty. Doctors said I had shell shock. Oh, I'm all right—only when we chugged into New York there wasn't so much as an old Sunday school teacher to meet me, and I've been drifting round for ten years now, hearing everybody getting soft about the Germans, as if they hadn't started all that business. I've been living in a couple of hotel rooms on Second avenue—until some Germans had to tear in there. I don't stick round where the Germans are, I can tell you. I've had a lot of time to think about them and their bullets. I tell you, I—oh, I'm all right. Nothing the matter with me."

"Oh, I——" the girl lifted his little finger and pretended to study the nail. "Oh!"

Ed thrust his free hand under her chin.

"Say! You're all but crying! What

the— You *are* crying,” he accused. “I’m not,” she contradicted. He heard a stir of the felt slippers under the table. “Maybe you think—I’m silly,” she said after a minute. “It’s just the way I feel—about wars. My brother must have been near your age. He was killed. It’s awful young—to go to war.”

“He go in with Canada?”

SHE shook her head. She was looking full at him, a little strangely, her eyes clear green, her hair red-gold, her mouth wide and honest. Even her nose—well, it was a brave sort of nose.

“What kind of pictures is it you like?” he asked irrelevantly.

She took up the file and used it briskly for a minute, though he thought she had finished with filing.

“Well,” she said, “I like—I guess I like house pictures. The insides of houses. Maybe it’s because I—well, I like rooms, anyway. I think about ’em. They’re so safe, kind of, and comfortable. You know?

I tell you, there’s some like I mean in this little Banbury gallery up the street. They’re in a corner to the left of the court. One was of a plant on the window sill and one had stairs. I just happened to find ’em, but I like ’em the best of all there are there.”

Ed stared at her incredulously.

“Say, you didn’t! Why, those—I painted them!”

The girl slid back in her chair. Awe filled her eyes. Awe, Ed thought, is the deepest shade of green.

“Oh, you do paint!” she cried. “You painted them!”

She tried to draw her hands away. He kept them. He had quick, rather stern blue eyes and a thin, amused mouth. His hair had curled into a tangle on the top of his head. That was because of the rain, but it was not raining any more.

“Listen,” he said. “Can’t you get off? The sun’s almost out. Why don’t you come see the parade? And we’ll get lunch at Morrissey’s. And a show. The boss’ll let



*“I didn’t know anybody still felt the way you do. . . . So you don’t want to take me anywhere.”*



you, won't he? I'll see him. Money'll do it."

He was getting up but she caught at his sleeve. She wasn't quite looking at him.

"Don't. *He* would, I expect. But my aunt I live with won't. I suppose it's silly—but my aunt won't let me go out with a man unless——"

"Unless what?"

She picked up things and set them down.

"Unless what?"

"Unless he's serious," she said desperately.

"Say, that's all right," Ed told her. "I'm serious. Say, I'm serious as—I'm deadly serious."

He was by now at the door that led into the barber shop. In her mirror the girl could see the fat little man among his pomades and tonics.

"Here!" she cried. "Come back! Listen! Don't ask him. You don't want to. You don't know who I am. If you knew who I am, you wouldn't want to."

She had risen and stood across the table from him. Such a scrap of a thing in her rough brown dress, with her reddish hair and her clear, green eyes and her flapping purple slippers. He grinned down at her.

"Well," he said, tolerantly, "who are you? What else besides *Geranium*?"

She swallowed and smiled. It *was* a brave nose.

"Wiebe," she told him. "I didn't know anybody still felt the way you say you do

(*The End*)

about German people. But I'm German. So you don't want to take me anywhere. I expect it was my aunt bought your hotel! I'm *Geranium Wiebe*."

There was perhaps a half minute that Ed glanced once at the girl and twice away. She was looking down at the table, the file in one hand, the jar of white cream in the other.

"Well, I'm Ed Wallace," he said then. "Now everything's proper. I'm going to see your boss."

He was not gone long. When he came back, the girl was deep in a ruddy wool coat with fur turned up to her ears. Her green beret sat pertly on one side, and there were absurd, patent leather pumps on her feet.

"Humph," said Ed, regarding them with scorn. "I see where we take a taxi."

"Well, at least they're dry now," she laughed. "They're Betty's. Jule brought them. Mine're soaked. You wouldn't want me to wear purple with pompons, would you?"

Out in the dark little crevice at the top of the stairs that led down to the street, she caught at his sleeve again.

"Ed," she said. "Ed, I'm *German*."

His fingers tightened on her arm until it hurt. She looked up at him. They laughed together.

"Was there a war?" he asked, as they ran down the stairs. "Hey, taxi!"

## How Unity Got Its Name

AFTER some years of study and practice of the principles of Christianity, Charles and Myrtle Fillmore began to have revelations as they sat in meditation and prayer. Charles Fillmore testifies that in one of their meditation periods the whole room seemed to be filled with the word "Unity," and he was impressed with the thought: "Your name is Unity; your name is Unity." The thought came to him with great force, as though it were being spoken many times from all parts of the room. He had not thought of the word especially, but he believed such a definite experience to be the leading of the Spirit of truth. He remembered the promise of Jesus, "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth."

The selection of the name has proved to be a very wise choice. The title was chosen for the *Unity* magazine (there was only one at that time) as well as for the work. The name fitly represents the spirit of the work that Unity School is trying to do.

Nowadays, on all sides, we hear the word "unity" applied to progress and to the broadening of man's vision of life. We hear of "church unity," "party unity," "world unity," and many other kinds of unity. The idea of coöperation is growing in favor in business as well as in the conduct of church and state. Coöperation is one phase of the spirit of unity. This is the spirit that Unity School of Christianity is trying to promulgate.—*L. F.*

# Thought Stretchers

## *In Prison?*



LOVE breaks down the walls of individual personality and restores one to unity with men and That. The great prison-breaker!

—*L. Adams Beck; The House of Fulfillment.*

## *Our True Work*

IF WE work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity.

—*Daniel Webster.*

## *Add This to Your List*

A PESSIMIST sees a difficulty in every opportunity—an optimist an opportunity in every difficulty.—*The Drifter.*

## *The Universal Ligament*

THERE'S only one God, and we see Him in one way, and the Chinaman in another, and the Hindoo in another, and the Turk in another, and the Hebrew in another, because none of us as yet know very much about Him. Even among ourselves we don't all see Him in exactly the same way. The Catholic doesn't see God as a Protestant does, and the different kinds of Protestants don't see Him all alike. But God is only one, and all the different religions, whether Christian or not, stand for the effort the peoples of the world are making to understand Him rightly. Once we get that idea clearly we'll find that our religions draw us together instead of driving us apart. . . . You might call religion the great universal ligament. It binds the universe in one—men to God and God to men and men to each other.—*Basil King; McCalls.*

## *Pilgrims of Spirit*

AMERICAN ancestors came to America to find sanctuary for the expression of that essence of . . . spirituality they held in their hearts. They were pilgrims for the sake of conscience.—*Syud Hossain; Kansas City Star.*

## *The Beautiful Reality*

“K NOW! We observe. We see and feel things happening. When a tree falls you explain it. When the milk boils over—you explain it. You allow for these things. But when you feel some beautiful, mystical urge towards beauty of thought or behavior—when you feel lifted up—immediately you say: ‘This can't be so. It doesn't happen. It's self-suggestion—or something. Let's look in the psychology book.’ But—it does happen. It's a reality. It's the one reality that's worth while. But we are all shy and self-conscious these days in the presence of the thing we used to call our soul. We are afraid of the people in spectacles, of the horn-eyed highbrows. Talking of walking with God, well—I've walked with Him. I don't know how or why—but I have.”

She said:

“Perhaps you have walked with yourself. I'm glad you have talked like this.”—*Warwick Deeping; Old Pybus.*

## *Peace of Mind*

THE peace thou seekest from without is only found within.—*Cary.*

## *A Book of Life*

THE BIBLE is the wrought-out experiences of human souls in contact with the Divine. It is a record of Divine Experience. The Bible is of value to the human just in the proportion and only in the proportion that the human can reproduce the recorded experience in terms of life. Hence this quality of life is eternal and, therefore, authoritative. Jesus “spoke with authority and not as the scribes.” In the synagogue of Nazareth He could say with Truth, “This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.” To Jesus, therefore, the Bible was a Book of Life. It should be no less to us.—*Theodore Heysham; The Birth of the Bible.*

## *Choosing*

IT IS a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong; but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.—*Epictetus.*





# Grin Stretchers

## Discrimination

Two little boys who had been inattentive were told that they must stay after school and write their names 500 times.

On hearing this, one little boy protested. The teacher asked what was the matter. "Tain't fair!" he cried. "His name is Lee, and mine is Schnickelfritzer."—*Watchman Examiner*.

## Subway

He rose with great alacrity

To offer her his seat;

The point was whether he or she

Should stand upon his feet.

—*Sunshine Bulletin*.

## Forethought

"Bridget, this is the third time I have had to ask you for the finger bowls when guests were here. Didn't they use them where you were last?"

"No, mum. Comp'ny always washed their hands 'fore they come."—*Sketch*.

## Publication Rights

After terrific struggles, the freshman finally finished his examination paper, and then, at the end, wrote: "Dear Professor—If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers, I expect you to split fifty-five with me."—*Selected*.

## Modern History

History Teacher—"State what Hudson did, William."

William—"Dad's did 65 yesterday."—*Home Worker's Magazine*.

## Antique Furniture Instead

The Guide—"Yes, it must be over a thousand years old. You can take it from me they don't build such ancient castles nowadays."—*The American Boy*.

## Monkey Business

Rube—"What do you think about this here Evolution?"

Yokel—"It's a good idea—but can they enforce it?"—*The American Boy*.

## Continuous

Rebecca—"Did you know you talked in your sleep last night?"

Goozlum—"Pardon me, dear, for interrupting you."—*Pathfinder*.



## Then and Now

Remember when this used to be a dirty crack? "With a voice like yours, you ought to be in the movies!"—*Life*.

## In Lost and Found Column

"So your little boy wasn't really lost?"

"No; we found him under the Sunday paper."—*Film Fun*.

## In Modern Terms

A one horse town is where through trains don't even make a brief pause for station announcements.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

## Touching Trust

"Loan me five dollars, will you?"

"Sorry, but I have only four dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Well, give me that. I'll trust you for the other quarter."—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin*.

## The Simple Life

Traffic Cop—"Let me see your license?"

Tourist—"Marriage, car, driver's, campfire, fishing, or hunting? Open the license trunk, Maria."—*Utica Press*.

## Modern Conveniences

George (from next door)—"Mrs. Jones may I use your telephone?"

Mrs. Jones—"Certainly, George. Is yours out of order?"

George—"Well, not exactly, but Sis is using it to hold up the window, ma's cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece, and baby's teething on the cord."—*Windsor (Ont.) Border Cities Star*.

## Ambition

"Jimmie," said the teacher, "what is your greatest ambition?"

Jimmie considered thoughtfully. "I think," he said, "it is to wash mother's face."—*The New Outlook*.



## Sandsy's Rebellion

(Concluded from page 19)

with the rest of the stuff they hand you along this line—morals and all. All they tell us is the bunk, from the stork story up. It seems mighty funny to me why they try to keep this thing dark. Why, every kid knows enough when he's ten years old, so he knows when he hears the bunk."

Well, this wasn't what we started to talk about, but that's the way the subject changes when you get near this one. I didn't say anything. This was a case where I thought I didn't know much again, compared to him. And then Fred Rock surprised me.

"I know what you think, Sandsy. Because I've run the streets and bumped into a lot of things, you think I'm probably rotten. But I've got no use for that stuff. I know too many that let it get them. Tell me this, though: My dad tells me to keep straight and be clean and all that line of stuff. Yours does, too, what? And yet he doesn't tell me what he means. He seems to think I'll stay dumb. You'd think he was never a kid himself, or had forgotten all about it."

WELL, this was what Larry calls the hush-hush stuff. And it's true, as Fred says, that every fellow thinks the same way about it. And nobody really tells him anything but bunk about it, except what he gets from the gang, and from the street, and out of magazines and newspapers, and from shows and billboards and moving pictures. The O. G.'s seem to suppose that we

don't think about a thing that's thrown at us all the time—we're too young! And I suppose that when some of the O. G.'s come to this chapter of this story, it'll be all off with the story, because they have forgotten that they were Y. G.'s themselves just a little while ago. As Fred said, I'm only saying what every kid knows from the time he goes to school, but which the whole grown-up world seems to have a conspiracy to hush-hush!

What's the use? To kids, it's like hide-and-seek. Anything you hide, a kid will seek; and he'd rather know a secret than eat his dinner. You may think it's a funny joke that the first question a youngster asks is, "Why?" But it's not funny to him when all you answer is, "Mustn't—mustn't!" What did you think when you were a kid? How old were you when you asked about the subject? Why don't you answer the kid now the way you wanted to be answered—straight? Isn't it important? You'd think it was! And you tell him plenty about a lot less important stuff. You tell him why he "mustn't—mustn't" eat horse-chestnuts. And you warn him not to get into deep water until he's learned how to swim. Do you know why so many Y. G.'s get into the kind of mess that makes you say they're all going to the devil? Because you hand them bunk instead of something real, that's why. Why is it all covered up and left out of books for fellows like me, till we fall over it somewhere else, when if dads know anything they know that the gang hardly ever gets together that somebody doesn't start talking about it. And why do they leave the kids that they say they think such a lot of to burn their fingers alone, instead of teaching them enough so they'll stay away from the fire? Here's where the O. G.'s lose out. And that doesn't mean any particular O. G.'s, because the funny part of it is that just as soon as the young ones grow up and have youngsters of their own, they get the same way. They get to be O. G.'s too.

You think I'm a kid to talk this way; but I'm only just one. I know hundreds of fellows, older and younger, and I've heard them talk. The hush-hush people, if you ask them a question, say, "There are things we don't talk about." Maybe so—but this

*Which Shall I Say?*



*"Things could be no worse,"*

OR—

*"Things can only improve."*





*When I got home, there was Fred Rock sitting on the steps.*

sn't one of them. Don't forget what the kids hear in the locker room. A kid is taught every way to take care of himself, except one. You say the O. G.'s are afraid the kids will go wrong. Well, there isn't any easier way for a kid to get lost than to leave him in a wood in the dark.

That's about all, except that this is like

the religion thing I tried to write about. Only to fellows like me, it seems sometimes that about one thing the O. G.'s don't say what they mean, and about the other they don't mean what they say. You can't fool all the kids all the time. Did anybody fool you, when you were a Y. G.?

You know I told you about how Will

Rock quoted a line out of a poem written by a man named Edgar Guest: "He'll be a good boy if you'll be a good dad." Well, I found a book by that same writer, and I was interested in it because of what Will Rock said. And I found a poem in it with the first stanza like this:

It is all in vain to speak of the truth  
To the eager ears of a trusting youth;  
If, whenever the lad is standing by,  
He sees you cheat and he hears you lie.  
Fine words may grace the advice you give,  
But youth will learn from the way you live.

And that goes for the hush-hush stuff, too.

I STARTED out in this chapter to tell how Fred and I talked about this; and look where I've got. My dad said when he read it that I'd got a little confused. I know it. But I said that most fellows are. And he said he guessed that was true—and most dads, too. But he didn't say to change it. Anyway, I don't know how. But Dad said he thought we'd better get together; and we did. He said that one trouble was that some fellows don't give their dads a chance. So I thought I'd hand that one on here with the rest. Think it over.

Now you know what Fred and I talked about, anyway. So that's that. It made me almost forget that parent-teachers' meeting. But not quite. I didn't get the answer then. I got it later, as you'll see.

Next morning we went to town to see if there was a letter from Larry in answer to my ad. But there wasn't. Then I thought I would call up Brook Carrington and see when he was coming home. That's good,

isn't it? But the funny part is that I got him. He had come home. And do you know why? He had seen my advertisement in the personal column for Larry to come home! Isn't that queer? Was my hunch a hunch? But, you see, that paper the ad was in was printed in the night, and by breakfast was away up state where he was. He is interested in personal ads and he reads them. So he jumped into his car

and was in New York by ten o'clock, which was before I called him up. He told me to come to his office so we went.

His office is near Columbus Circle, and we took the subway up from Times Square. When we got there, we told him all about Larry. And then, of course, we told him all the rest all about what he didn't know. But Brook Carrington didn't say much. He was just interested because I said that the Look-see had given me the hunch to put the ad in the papers.

Well, Fred just laughed about the Look-see. And Brook Carrington asked:

"Then you don't believe in the Look-see, Fred?" And Fred pulled the corners of his mouth down the way he always did.

Mr. Carrington asked me if I had met

Look-see, and I gave it to him. And he made Fred take the coin in his hand the way he had shown me. Then he took another one out of his pocket and put it into my hand, and made me shut my fingers and my eyes. And he said:

"Now, both of you, let the hunch come. Just let it, see?"

So we sat there till I felt my coin begin to tingle, just the same as it always did, and I thought, well, if it hadn't given me

## Affinities

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

IN city street,  
In country lane,  
In winter snow,  
In summer rain,  
Where grasses grow,  
Where dense crowds press,  
I see the face  
Of loveliness.

Where clamor lifts  
From clanging cars,  
Where meadow brooks  
Hymn moon and stars,  
In shifting throng,  
In bush and tree,  
I feel the pulse  
Of mystery.

In dawn and dusk,  
That tremble down  
Upon the fields,  
Upon the town,  
Where towers lift,  
Where woodlands nod,  
I humbly walk  
The earth with God.



a hunch that was right, how did it happen that Brook Carrington had seen the ad that it had made me put in the paper? And I was wondering about that when Mr. Carrington said:

"Fred, what are you thinking?"

And Fred said, "I know what you'll say. You'll say that this Look-see thing gave Sandsy the hunch to put in the ad that brought you back to New York."

Say, that got a rise out of me. I told him I was thinking the same thing. Fred looked kind of funny and then he began to look at the Look-see. He turned it over and over in his hand.

"But what has this got to do with it?" he asked. "It doesn't put the ideas into your mind."

"What does?"

"Well—they just come to you," Fred answered.

"Are all your ideas hunches, then?" Brook Carrington asked.

Fred just grinned.

**T** OPENED my hand to look at the other Look-see. And then I sure got a jolt. The coin that I had wasn't a Chinese one at all. It was an American quarter!

"Look at this!" I said, and held it up.

Brook Carrington didn't seem surprised, and I knew then that he had done it on purpose.

I said, "Oh, then it's just a psychology trick, after all. I thought it was."

"Think so?" Mr. Carrington asked.

"Yes," I answered, "because Fred and I had different coins in our hands, and yet we both thought the same thing."

"But we just thought common sense," Fred said.

But Brook Carrington asked, "What is psychology?"

Fred didn't answer, and I couldn't say just what I thought the word meant. I only had an idea.

"Psychology is what we call the science of the mind," Mr. Carrington said. "It might be called the science of common sense. You say I've tricked you. Well, I haven't. In a way, I've let you trick yourselves—because most of us rarely pay any attention to our own minds."

Fred laughed, but Brook Carrington went on, and afterward he helped me to write this out, so that it would be right.

"Everybody has intelligence," he said, "but everybody doesn't use it. It's a power

## A Christmas Candle Service

**A** CHRISTMAS candle service, suitable for presentation by Truth centers, young people's societies, and Sunday schools, will be a helpful feature of December Youth magazine. The service is so simple as to require but little preparation beforehand. Those who wish to present the service this Christmas will have ample time to arrange for it after the receipt of December Youth.

you have in you that always tells you the truth—gives you the right hunch. But we don't listen. What we mostly listen to is some outside consideration. We listen to our notions about what other people will think. We aren't willing to listen to what we really think."

I can get that all right when I think it over. Do you?

"Well," he said, "my trick was to try to make you forget what anybody else might think, and listen to what your own intelligence would tell you. If you want your intelligence to talk to you, you can't keep worrying about what you're going to do next, or how it's going to look, or what the consequences will be, or what people will say, or whether you'll gain or lose. You've got to be just willing to listen to the truth."

"Humph!" Fred Rock said. "Conscience, what?"

"Sure!" Brook Carrington said. "Only it's bigger than most people think conscience is. It's the source of all straight hunches, of all great ideas, of all real discoveries and inventions, of all success and power and genius! It is what is sometimes called the Spirit of truth and sometimes the still, small Voice. It's the divine spark in you that makes you worth while. And when you appeal to it, you make a kind of prayer."

Fred Rock began to grin. "Bible stuff!" he said.

Brook Carrington just nodded. "A lot of true things are in that book," he said.

"Yeh!" sneered Fred. "It says, if anybody smashes you on one cheek, turn him the other. Hot dog! Nobody does, but a simp!"

But Mr. Carrington answered, "It says whatever you want the other fellow to do to you, do it to him; but we usually just try to get even."

"Aw!" Fred said. "Then you think that stuff works?"

"Yes," Mr. Carrington said, like that. "It's the only stuff that does work. What you give out comes back to you—multiplied."

"Ho-o! Then you'd never get mad, I s'pose!"

"I might better get drunk!"

And say, that had a wallop in it the way Brook Carrington said it. Fred thought a minute, then suddenly he said:

"Say, where would Sandsy be right now if I hadn't shown up old Cayson?"

"Ask me something hard," Mr. Carrington said. "It wasn't you who set the trap that caught Cayson. He set it himself."

Fred squirmed a little. Then he said:

"Yes, then you would have had Sandsy let Pryor, and Dale Drayton, and Perry Pond, and Cayson, and all ride all over him, and him deal out the 'love your enemies' stuff!"

"What *did* Sandsy do?" Mr. Carrington asked.

That was another wallop. The more you think that one over, the more wallop. Fred shut up. After a minute he shrugged.

"Oh, well, this isn't finding Larry," he said.

"We shall find Larry," Brook Carrington answered, as if he were dead sure. And boy! that made me sit up.

And we did find Larry. But say, the way we found him!

**I**T WAS noon when we started out again to see if we had an answer to our ads. And do you know, we met Will Rock right in the hall.

"I saw your ad in the paper," he said.

"You saw the ad?"

"Why not?" he answered. "I always read the personals. So does Brook. And anyway, I figured that if anything had happened to Larry, you'd get word to Brook that would bring him home."

It would have seemed funny if it had been any ordinary thing. That ad surely started something.

But it didn't get us an answer from Larry. You'd never guess what happened. The telephone rang and it was Nora to leave word, if I called up Mr. Carrington,

to tell me that there was a telegram for me out home; and when I talked to her she told me it just said that Larry was at a number way down south of Washington Square, and nobody had signed it.

I didn't see how that wire could come from the ad, and of course it didn't. But I didn't care, if it was only true; so we went out and Will Rock called a taxi and we all rode down to Washington Square, and found the street number that was given in the telegram.

A woman let us in and told us to go upstairs. It was an awfully poor place, just as I'd thought it would be. It was one of those places that you wonder why they don't tear down, in New York, where ground is worth such a lot. But they are always rooming houses, or something. And this was one of that kind. The room we went into was the worst I ever saw, no rugs, torn curtains, dirty windows you couldn't see out of, everything smelly till you'd think you'd choke, bedclothes and shoes and things all over the floor. In the bed was a man, and there was Larry standing beside him. I don't know how we all knew, but we did, that the man was dying.

If you ever saw anybody die, you know; but I hadn't. I'd only once seen a dog die.

Larry looked up at us, and then just stood there, and I looked at him. He didn't ask us how we'd found him, and afterward I found out it was his father who got the woman to send that telegram, because he knew Larry lived at our house and had quit us. And he didn't want that to happen.

But at that time we didn't talk. Mr. Carrington just went over and straightened up the bed covers. And the man opened his eyes. He was awfully thin and pale, but you could see all at once that he looked like Larry. His eyes were that same color, and bright. He didn't look at all like the old bum I'd somehow expected to see; but he had deep marks in his face, like scars. And his hands, on the cover, looked as if there wasn't anything left in them, strength or blood or bones. They just lay there; and I thought they weren't much like Will Rock's hands.

Mr. Carrington asked Larry about the doctor, and Larry told him the doctor had said he would come back. But the man, Larry's father, spoke out. His voice was all husky, but it was plain enough.

"The doctor has passed me up," he said. "And so has the preacher. He came and



did his praying for me. I—I'm through."

THEN he just looked at us; and you couldn't stand it—his eyes looked so. I don't know that I ought to say it, but they were just like that dog's eyes were when he died: miserable and waiting and aching, and wanting something, and he couldn't ask you for it. But he was so much like Larry! Then I knew he was looking at me, and he said, "I guess you're Sandsy," and he moved his hand as if he wanted to speak to me nearer.

I was afraid, and ashamed to be afraid, and I didn't know what to do. But I looked at Larry, and so I went. His father looked up at me and said:

"Dake told me about you." Dake was Larry's brother, you know. "He said for me to let Larry alone. That was last year."

He stopped and you'd have thought he never would say any more. Then he went on.

"Dake wanted Larry to stay where he was," he said. "So do I. Look at me."

I was looking at him, but I saw what he meant. And his eyes were just burning.

"Do you know what's the matter with me?" he asked me. "Things you'll never dream of, unless you do what I've done. You don't know their names. I didn't when I was Larry's age. But you can learn, if you want to, the way I did. And see what I got? I got what I asked for. Talk about prayers! You get what you ask for—know that? What you ask for is what you *do*, every day and every night. What you *do*, see? What you *do* is what you ask for—not what you *say*! That is the kind of prayer that gets answered."

He kept saying it over and over. I couldn't get it wrong. And his hands went back and forth on the bedcover, such a lot different from Will Rock's hands. And then he said:

"That's why I sent for you and told you Larry was here. That's the last prayer I'm going to make, see?"

After a minute he shut his eyes and his hands stopped. I turned back; and Larry was over by the window, and I went over there. I don't know how long we stayed there, but finally Mr. Carrington came and told us we'd better go home now.

When it was all over Larry and I went

back to school. And Fred Rock came out to board at Hazelhurst and to be with us while his father is away from New York. I talked it all over with Mr. Pryor, and he said he wished we had done it before. I wrote to my dad, and he wants Larry and me to come to Yucatan to visit him, because he has to stay there a long time.

And now all that happened seems as if it was a long time ago when I was a kid, although it was only last year. There are a few things I must tell to finish this story. Let's see—some of the gang helped pay for my flivver, so I didn't have to give it up for nothing. The rope Dale left in my car is under our steps yet, but we sent a new clothesline to the people who owned it. Fred Rock is a friend of ours now. He's all right. He says he's sold on that stuff that Brook Carrington handed us, that what you give out comes back to you, all right. He says you can't go along doing whatever you happen to feel like doing. You have to know rules and things like that. The film that Fred Rock took at Cayson's turned out too dark. It wasn't much good; but it didn't have to be.

Larry did leave his Look-see on Dad's desk with his note. He thought it would make me notice. He always insists that he went away on account of his dad, not because I was nasty. But I can't forget.

The Draytons and the Slaters have moved away from Hazelhurst. Maybe that's why Mr. Pryor resigned. But the more I think about all that's happened, the more I guess Brook Carrington's got the right dope. You're not a fool to follow your real hunch. You're a fool if you don't.

Larry and I didn't talk a lot about all that had happened. But once when we were talking, he said:

"I guess when the O. G. tells the Y. G. to do as they say and not as they do, they mean it the way my dad did. They don't want us to make their same kind of mistakes."

I think that's the answer. And oh, boy! when I think of that man dying with a dog's look in his eyes, it's answer enough. If every kid could know!

It always seems queer to me, why the Y. G.'s turn into O. G.'s, and when. But I suppose maybe it's when they first begin to find out that they are getting what they ask for.

# Pros and Cons

## *Here the Reader Has His Say*

### *Ransacks*

N. H.—I read all the articles and stories very carefully for I cannot seem to stretch *Youth* out for more than a week's reading. For the remaining three weeks of the month, I pine for the next copy. I ransack each copy to see if there isn't some line or paragraph that I've missed at the first reading, but it's generally in vain, for I always read *Youth* from cover to cover.

These are my reasons for returning to you the little yellow expiration slip which I received with the last issue of *Youth*.  
—C. B. B.



### *Impressed*

D. C.—The story, "Skinny Shining Through," impressed me greatly.—G. M.

### *Surprise and Glasses*

Canada—I received quite a big (and somewhat unpleasant) surprise on reading *Youth* magazine for the current month. There is a picture, in connection with the radio article, of six of the Unity Workers—three ladies and three gentlemen, and I regretted to note that all three of the men are of necessity wearing glasses, thus telling the world that their eyes are weak, that they cannot maybe see at all without them, and that God whose perfect children you and I are, certainly never made them perfect not by any means.

Frankly I can understand officials of the Salvation Army for instance, wearing glasses, but not alas those connected with the Unity headquarters. Why in short cannot Unity demonstrate its teachings?  
—G. A. H.

We appreciate your friendly letter, and your comment on our three workers who wear glasses. Frankly, we thought of the point you make, and debated whether or not we should use the pictures, finally deciding to do so, for although we wish that every worker at Unity headquarters—and

all Unity students throughout the world for that matter—had demonstrated over every problem, this is not yet the case, and we at the School have problems to meet as do others who are seeking to follow Christ. The important thing is not that each of us has not wholly demonstrated every point in Truth, but that we are trying conscientiously and earnestly to do so. We believe that our readers as a whole will understand and sympathize with this view, and that their thought will be one of love and strength to help us just as we seek to help them.

Probably every leader in Truth has made some great demonstration. Usually it was that demonstration that led him to become a teacher; but because his problems were many, he has possibly not completed his demonstration over them all. In judging any person, then, we cannot judge from appearances, because appearances may show where he *is* in some particular regard, but *not how far he has come!*

### *Youth's Appeal*

Calif.—I enjoy *Youth* as much as my granddaughter for whom I subscribe.—Mrs. J. W. H.

### *Friends Like It*

Trinidad, B. W. I.—  
"Sandsy's Rebellion" is the best story I've read in *Youth* so far.

All the girls at school are fond of *Youth*, and near the end of each month they keep asking me if it has not come yet.—C. C.

### *Graduates*

Wash.—First I want to thank you for praying for me during this school year. It has enabled me to get my lessons better and with better faith in them and myself. I must tell you I have never been so happy as I am now, for I am to graduate this semester. My mother is happy also, as this is the event she is looking forward to with much pride.—B. B.





## Credit

*Ala.*—I want to say again how much I appreciate your high ideals and standards. I am a recent graduate from high school and I give you credit for most of the good that I have done during my high school days.—*E. W.*

## Twenty-seven by Now!

*Ky.*—After I had read my February *Youth* I felt so happy and enthusiastic that I wrote you a real long letter telling you how much I liked *Youth*; but like a lot of other Unity letters that I write, usually in my mind, I felt so dissatisfied about it that I didn't even send it. Then when I saw the letters published in March *Youth*, I knew you must like to get them, and I like to write. Most of what I wrote, the others wrote too, but words of love don't grow old, do they? I told you how *Youth* is helping me to grow up; that each month I grow a year after reading my magazine. So I'll be nineteen when I've finished this one and twenty-one by May!

*Youth* seems to have been written just for me. It tells me the very things I've been wanting to know. *Youth* is the best magazine I have ever read and I wish that it came twice every week instead of every month.—*E. D.*

## Likes Drawing



*N. Y.*—I like *Youth* very much. I think that the most interesting story you have printed for a long time was the one about drawing

cartoons, which was in *Youth* magazine for March. I am very fond of drawing and I like to read about it.—*R. N.*

## A Prayer That Helped

*Ore.*—One time my teacher asked us to recite on geography. She wrote questions on the blackboard. I hadn't studied my geography. I said over and over, "God is my help in every need." After I had said these words repeatedly I read the questions once more and the answers seemed to pop into my head. The teacher asked us to read our answers. All of mine were right except one. That night I thanked God. One day an arithmetic problem seemed hard for me to understand. I said The Prayer of Faith and worked the problem without difficulty.—*E. N.*

## Chases Gloom

*Pa.*—Allow me to express my appreciation of your fine magazine, *Youth*.

Last night I went to sleep with a problem which I wished to solve in a more peaceful frame of mind. The next morning my thoughts were just as turbulent. Then I got out several copies of *Youth* and became so absorbed that I spent several hours reading. When I had finished, I found myself laughing and the thoughts that I had tried so hard to banish through other means had taken wings and flown. Believe me, I am very thankful.—*M. J. C.*



## To German Cousin

*Wash.*—I am a sophomore in high school. I enjoy *Youth* very much and can hardly wait from one month to the other to read it. I especially enjoy "Sandsy's Rebellion."

After my grandmother and I are through reading *Youth* we save it until we have six copies and then send them to my cousin in Germany, who is a university student there. He enjoys it very much also.—*D. M.*

## Admires May Whitney

*Tex.*—I want to tell you how much I appreciated seeing the pictures of a few Unity workers, in a recent issue of *Youth*. It is so fine to see their faces after knowing them only through the printed word for so long. All have fine faces. But May Whitney! There are not words in the language to express her beauty and spirituality. No one, seeing her face, could fail to trust and reverence Silent Unity, for a leader like that must exert a truly spiritual influence. The picture of "The Blessed Damozel," who, a lily in her hand, "Leaned out from the gold bar of Heaven," in Rossetti's poem, might have been painted with May Whitney as a model.—*B. I.*

## Not Wild



*Pa.*—They talk about the wild "modern youth" but I'm one of them and I know they are all loving and good and I know *Youth* is helping to make them more so.—*V. D.*



# Your Own Page

*We will print as many helpful, sincere letters here as space permits. Please sign your name and address; we will publish only your initials.*

Dear Editor of *Youth*:

The September *Youth* came out today and it is full of inspiration and vision from cover to cover.

May I ask you a question? I am puzzled with myself. I have been studying Truth for about four years now, and during that time affirmations have helped me greatly. A Truth affirmation would bring flashes of insight into problems, or relief from mental or physical discomfort and the silence was a joy, but during the last few months when I have read deep Truth literature it has been like a closed book to me. When I use affirmations they seem meaningless, and to judge by appearance I have lost the ability to be still enough to hear the voice of Spirit.

I try to rest and trust and believe that Spirit is trying to teach me a new way of learning that will bring development along some new and more beautiful path. But in the meantime I cannot seem to satisfy the hungry reaching out that the silence satisfied before.—*J. B.*

*J. B.*—You have made a mental adjustment to Truth. You have learned that God is love and that to express God you must be loving; that God is strength and that to express God you must be strong; that God is wisdom and that to express God you must be wise. Why not just live these qualities until you feel a need for the renewing power of more affirmations and books?

When we read and study more than we are expressing we become like a water filled sponge. We are unable to "soak up" anything more. We must begin "pressing out," or expressing what we have learned.

Why don't you get more understanding? Because you must use more fully the understanding that you have. "If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them."

Editor, *Youth*:

I have a girl chum with whom I have been going about for three years. Never have we had any trouble until this year. A new girl has been brought into our companionship. I don't like her and cannot treat her as I should. It has caused lots of trouble between my chum and me. How can I overcome this?—*G.*

*G.*—Evidently you are unwilling that "the new girl" shall have a share in the time and attentions of your chum. Such a feeling of selfish possession will wreck any friendship. All friendship rests upon integrity and harmony of disposition. Learn to love your friend with the perfect love

that does not obligate or seek to possess. Though your chum walks hand in hand in friendship with you, remember that she is an individual. Grant her the right to plan her own life. If another person can help make her plan of life a happy one, you should rejoice in, not resent, the fact. Try to be friendly toward the girl who has lately come into your life. "Assume a virtue, if you have it not." If you have a sincere desire to be generous toward your chum, that attitude will not be hypocritical. Instead of losing your chum, or even a part of her friendship, you may find that you will be forming an added friendship.

Dear *Youth*:

1. What is the real Christian attitude which I, or any one who indulges in a game, should take toward his opponent?

2. If I play to win, which would seem to be right and proper, how can I do so without trying to fool, outwit, and outplay my opponent, which attitude may seem unloving and unchristian?

3. If I don't play to win, where does the real object of the game come in?—*A. C. K.*

*A. C. K.*—An opponent is not necessarily an antagonist or an adversary, as Webster points out to us. An opponent is simply one who is on the other side in a contest. He becomes your adversary only if he tempts you to anger or poor sportsmanship. He is your friend when he helps you to see that he is a good fellow even though he does happen to be on the other side of the contest.

Better than playing to win, or to beat the other fellow, is playing to beat your own record of past performance. To play your best game, to use both your wits and your skill honestly, to make points, is a compliment to your opponent. One "plays down" only to a less skilled player.

Play for the love of the game, for the thrill of healthy bodily expression, for the joy of matching wits and strength and skill, for the satisfaction of surpassing your own past efforts. Do this, and you will find pleasure in your opponent's skill and sportsmanship. You can rejoice in his success as in your own—but make him earn it, if he can!



# Merry Christmas

Soon the Christmas season with its many rushes will be upon us. Have you decided just how you want to remember your many school acquaintances, classmates, and friends this year? We suggest that you send Christmas greetings to them. Friends like to be remembered at Christmas, and a card from you will mean a great deal to them.

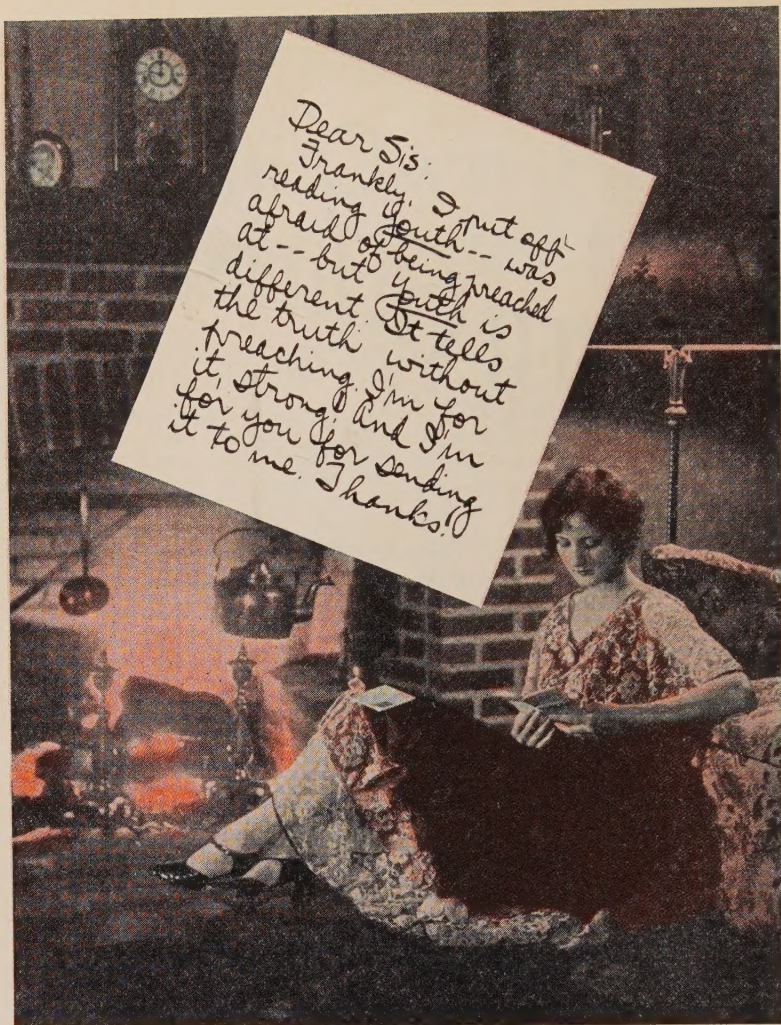
Unity School has Christmas cards, and we believe that they are cards that you will enjoy sending to your friends. The sentiments, which were written by Unity workers, express a spirit of sincerity, kindness, and love with which you will want to greet your friends. They are artistically engraved on beautiful and appropriate cards.

We have arranged the cards in attractive box assortments containing 15 cards each. In this way you may have a variety of cards from which to choose. By sending in your order now, you will have time to select from those assortments just the card that you wish for each friend.

The boxes are priced at \$1 each.

Unity School of Christianity  
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.





Dear Sis:  
Frankly, I put off  
reading Youth-- was  
afraid of being preached  
at-- but Youth is  
different. It tells  
the truth without  
preaching. I'm for  
it, strong. And I'm  
for you for sending  
it to me. Thanks.

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS PHOTO

## An Appreciated Gift

**T**HERE is a blessing in such letters as the one reproduced above—a blessing one receives only through the gift one gives.

Are you one of the many *Youth* readers who have received such a letter? If so, you have found the joy of giving an appreciated gift. Brothers, sisters, parents, friends—we receive

many letters from them, telling us how much some one to whom they sent *Youth* has appreciated the gift.

You can find the joy of giving, and you can increase your own conscious ability to give, by making use of the Prosperity Bank plan.

We suggest that you use the form printed below.

UNITY SCHOOL OF CHRISTIANITY,  
917 TRACY, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Please send me a Prosperity Bank and tell me about the Prosperity Bank Plan.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....